BIRMINGHAM PUBLIC LIBRARIES.
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT. No 481701.
*The figures below state the dates on which this book has been issued.*

dded and Re-bound October 1938
4453

DISCARDED

P90966 B2(d)

HAWKINS, SON & LOXLEY,
BOOKBINDERS,

A 821.08

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/specimensofearly0002geor

# SPECIMENS

OF THE

# Early English Poets,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

*AN HISTORICAL SKETCH*

OF THE

RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETRY AND LANGUAGE;

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO.
FOR G. AND W. NICOL, BOOKSELLERS TO HIS
MAJESTY, PALL-MALL;
AND J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1801.

DISCARDED
BIRMINGHAM
REFERENCE
LIBRARY.

46170

# CONTENTS

## OF VOL. II.


### CHAP. XVI.

REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

*SKELTON.—William Roy.—John Heywood.—Sir David Lindsay.—The Mourning Maiden.* page 1

### SPECIMENS.

*Reign of Henry VIII. continued.* - - - 41
*Reign of Edward VI.* - - - - - - - 83
*Reign of Queen Mary.* - - - - - - - 103
*Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* - - - - - - 127

## ERRATA.

Page 6, line 20, *for* Folengio, *read* Folengo.
8, — 4, *for* Palsgrave, *read* Palgrave.
— note, l. 1, *for* foregoing, *read* following.
30, — — 4, *for* tourney, *read* Tournay.
56, line 9, *for* good-while, *read* Good-will.
69, — 13, *for* think, *read* I think.
106, — 22, *for* four, *read* five.
108, — 14, *for* chanc'd, *read* chanced.
110, — 15, *for* tattle, *read* talk.
121, note, l. 1, *for* Stevens *and* Pooley, *read* Steevens *and* Pooly.
136, —— 8, *for* Won, *read* Wooer.
143, line 19, *for* with, *read* within.
144, — 3, *dele* period *after* suffice.
147, — 4, *dele* (Eclogues, &c.)
— — — *for* 1538, *read* 1535.
— — 9, *for* 1565, *read* 1560.
150, title, *for* Tuberville, *read* Turbervile.
151, line 8, *for* blame, *read* flame.
153, — 17, *for* plagues, *read* pangs.
182, — ult. *for* those, *read* thou.
189, — 6, *for* cup, *read* cap.
195, — ult. *for* green, *read* queen.
196, — 1, *for* at, *read* for.
216, — ult. *for* entruss, *read* untruss.
250, — 2, } *after* [from the same] *add*, with Bishop
251, — 8, } Percy's alterations.
278, — 12, *for* with, *read* us'd.
294, — 6, *for* more, *read* most.
296, *after title*, *add*, printed from Bishop Percy's copy.
302, line 14, *for* " Ideas, *read* " Idea.
313, — 4, *for* lurk, *read* suck.
— — 8, *for* sun-set, *read* summer.
314, — 7, *for* True lover, *read* Sad true-love.
320, note, l. ult. *for* Bornefield, *read* Barnefiel
343, line 5, *for* their, *read* do.
353, — 3, *for* striving, *read* labouring.
360, — 11, *for* branches, *read* briars.
— — 18, *for* Armagana, *read* Amargana.

# HISTORICAL SKETCH, &c.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Reign of Henry VIII.—Skelton.—William Roy.—John Heywood.—Sir David Lindsay.—The Mourning Maiden.*

THE accession of Henry VIII. could not fail to promote the progress of elegant literature in England. His title to the crown was so undoubted, that it left him no apprehension of a rival, and fully secured his subjects against the recurrence of those sanguinary civil wars, which had so long desolated the country. He was young, handsome, accomplished, wealthy, and prodigal; and the nobility, effectually humbled by the policy of his father, crowded round his person, with no higher

ambition than that of gaining his favour, and sharing his profusion, which was exhibited in frequent tournaments, in masques, or entertainments consisting of music, dancing, gaming, banquetings, and the display of dresses at once grotesque and magnificent. All the pleasures, and all the gallantry of the age, were assembled at his court. The press, which had already produced complete and sumptuous editions of our best early poets, furnished an abundant supply of metrical romances, Christmas carols, and other popular compositions. Henry himself is known to have been a proficient in music, and was perhaps an occasional writer of poetry;* and though his skill in the art be rather problematical, his taste for it, is fully evinced by the almost universal practice of his courtiers. Accordingly, this reign forms a marked epocha in our poetical history.

Chaucer, as we have seen, had formed his taste

* The following lines are, in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ascribed to this monarch:—

The eagle's force subdues each bird that flies.
What metal can resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
The hardest stones are pierced through with tools;
The wisest are, with princes, made but fools.

upon the model of the Italian no less than of the French poets; but the masculine beauties of Boccace in the *Theseide* and *Filostrato*, had excited his admiration, much more than the gentler graces of Petrarch, who now became the universal favourite. It may, perhaps, be matter of surprise, that the style of this poet was not sooner adopted as a model, by our writers of love songs, because the manners of chivalry had, in the very infancy of our literature, blended the tender passion with a very competent share of ceremonious enthusiasm. It is probable, however, that the Italian language alone possessed, at that time, sufficient pliability to form a compound of metaphor and metaphysics in the contracted shape of a *sonnet*.

This difficult novelty seems to have been first attempted by the court poets of the reign of Henry VIII. It must be confesssed, that a string of forced conceits, in which the imagination of the reader is quite bewildered; of harsh and discordant rhymes; and of phrases tortured into the most unnatural inversions, is, not unfrequently, the only result of their perverse ingenuity: but even these abortive struggles were not quite useless. In their repeated endeavours to exhibit, with distinctness, the most minute and fanciful shades of sentiment, they were sometimes led to those new and happy combinations of words,

to those picturesque compound epithets, and glowing metaphors, of which succeeding writers, particularly Shakspeare and Spenser, so ably availed themselves. The necessity of comprising their subject, within definite and very contracted limits, taught them conciseness and accuracy: and the difficult construction of their stanza, forced them to atone for the frequent imperfection of their rhymes, by strict attention to the general harmony of their metre. Although, from their contempt of what they thought the rustic and sordid poverty of our early language, they often adopted a cumbrous and gaudy magnificence of diction; they accumulated the ore, which has been refined by their successors, and provided the materials of future selection.

It must also be admitted, that Surrey, Wyatt, and some of their contemporaries, have, in a few happy instances, anticipated the taste of posterity, and attained that polished elegance of expression which results from general simplicity, and occasional splendour.

Here, therefore, will commence our regular series of "SPECIMENS;" and as they will explain, much more clearly than mere description could do, the progressive gradations of our language and poetical taste, this series will only be interrupted,

in the remainder of the work, by a few observations on the literary character of each reign, and by some very short notices respecting the several authors. But before we close this slight Sketch, it is necessary to say a few words concerning those poets, in the reign of Henry VIII. whose compositions will not afford us any examples of that kind, which it is the particular object of this compilation, to collect and preserve.

The first of these is John Skelton. He was probably born about A. D. 1470, and in 1489 was laureated at Oxford; a circumstance to which he seldom fails to allude, as to an honourable evidence of his proficiency in classical learning. This indeed is still farther proved by the eulogy of Erasmus, who has pronounced him to be "the light "and ornament of English scholars;" and there can be no doubt of his having been perfectly well qualified for the employment, to which he was appointed, of superintending the studies of Henry VIII. at whose accession he was created orator royal. His ecclesiastical preferments seem to have been limited to the rectory of Diss, in Norfolk; and indeed he was apparently very ill suited to the clerical, or to any other serious profession, from the strange turbulence and irregularity of his character, as well as irresistible propensity to satire;

which, though sometimes enlivened by wit, was principally composed of vulgar and scurrilous invective. For his buffooneries in the pulpit, and his satirical ballads against the mendicants, he is said to have been severely censured, and perhaps suspended, by the bishop of Norwich: but Skelton was incorrigible. Whether he trusted to an imaginary ascendency over the mind of his royal pupil, or that his haughty spirit was incapable of submitting to control, he continued, by repeated scurrilities, to provoke the most powerful enemies, and particularly cardinal Wolsey, who was not to be attacked with impunity. Being closely pursued by the officers of that formidable prelate, he was forced to solicit protection in the sanctuary of Westminster, where he was received by abbot Islip, and protected till his death, in 1529.

Mr. Warton seems to think that Skelton's style was not original, but imitated from the *Macaronic* poetry of Theophilo Folengio, a Benedictine monk of Casino, who, under the feigned name of Martinus Coccaius, introduced the fashion of intermixing the most familiar Italian words, adapted to Latin terminations, and regular prosody, in Latin hexameters and pentameters. His *Phantasiæ Macaronicæ* were written about the year 1512; and the same strange mode of composition was,

soon after, imitated by a civilian of Avignon; who, under the name of Antonius de Arena, published, in 1519, a mock elegiac poem in Latin, ridiculously interlarded with French. The drollery of these works is wretchedly vulgar; and indeed (according to the original author) vulgarity is essential to the macaronic art of poetry, the word being derived from *macaroni*, the food of the lowest and poorest classes of the people. Skelton's verse, however, is not Latin blended with English words, but the reverse; and the two styles seem to have little resemblance, except in their tendency to introduce a bad taste among readers, who ought to be preserved from it by a liberal and learned education.

Some of Skelton's poems are said to have been printed in 1512, in octavo; and a more complete edition was published in duodecimo, by Thomas Marshe, 1568, and reprinted in 1736. His verses on the death of the earl of Northumberland, inserted in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, are, as the editor of that work has justly observed, the most tolerable of his compositions; because they are not at all tinctured with the faults of his usual and favourite style. Of this style the reader will be better able to judge, by the following extract from " the Image of Hypocrisy," never printed, of

which the original MS. was preserved in the library of Mr. Le Neve, from whence it was purchased by Mr. West. An apparently accurate transcript of it, by the well-known Thomas Martin, of Palsgrave, is fortunately preserved, and was in the possession of the late Dr. Farmer. It is, in general, a satire on the professors of religion; but the subject of the following lines is the illustrious Sir Thomas More.*

But now we have a knight
All armed for to fight,
To put the truth to flight,

* Sir Thomas More, who is attacked in the foregoing piece of obscure and almost unintelligible ribaldry, ought perhaps to be classed among the poets of this reign. One of the small pieces of poetry, composed in his youth, and preserved in his works (the merry Jest of the Serjeant and Frere), may possibly have suggested to the late Mr. Cowper the idea of his popular tale of John Gilpin. In general, although like all the compositions of the age, they are too diffuse and languid, his poems possess considerable merit; and, as well as his prose works, were considered by his contemporaries as a model of pure and elegant language. This excellence principally recommended them to the notice of Dr. Johnson, who has printed many of them in the introduction to his Dictionary; and for this reason the insertion of a specimen here seems unnecessary.

By Bow-bell policy;
With his poetry,
And his sophistry,
To mock and make a lie,
With " quoth he, and quoth I,"
And his apology
Made for the prelacy;
Their hugy pomp and pride,
To colour and to hide.
He maketh no nobbes,
But with his dialogues,
To prove our prelates gods,
And laymen very lobbes,
Beating them with bobbes,
And with their own rods.
Thus he taketh pain,
To fable and to feign,
Their mischief to maintain,
And to have them reign,
Over hill and plain;
Yea, over heaven and hell,
And where as spirits dwell,
In purgatory's holes,
With hot fire and coals,
To sing for silly souls,
With a supplication,
And a confutation,

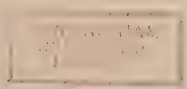
Without replication,
Having delectation,
To make exclamation,
By way of declamation,
In his debellation,
With a popish fashion,
To subvert our nation.
But this dawcock doctor,
And purgatory proctor,
Waketh now for wages;
And as a man that rages,
Or overcome with ages,
Disputeth *per ambages*,
To help these parasites,
And naughty hypocrites,
With legends of lies,
Feigned fantasies,
And very vanities,
Called verities,
Unwritten, and unknown,
But as they be blown,
From liar to liar;
Invented by a frier,
*In magnâ copiâ*,
Brought out of Utopia,
Unto the maid of Kent,
Now from the devil sent,

A virgin fair and gent,
That hath our eyes yblent.
Alas we be mis-went,
For if the false intent,
Were known of this witch,
It passeth dog and bitch, &c. &c.
[MS. fol. 100, &c.]

Dr. Farmer has noticed another work of Skelton, entitled "Vox Populi Vox Dei," which is preserved in MS. in the archives of the university of Cambridge, and which, as well as the "Image of "Hypocricy," had escaped the notice of Mr. Warton.

Another satirist, less distinguished than Skelton, as a Latin scholar, but at least equally formidable to cardinal Wolsey and the Catholics, was WILLIAM ROY; of whom, I believe, nothing is known but that Bale, who has described his poem, (de Script. Brit. edit. 1548, p. 254.) declares that he flourished in 1526.

His work, which is now extremely rare, forms a small duodecimo volume, elegantly printed in black letter, without date or publisher's name. It has a prose dedication, to some person, of whose name the initials only are given; and a metrical prologue, consisting of a dialogue between the



author and his book. Then follows a sort of satirical dirge, or lamentation, on the death of the Mass; and then the treatise itself, which is called a "Brefe Dialogue between two Preestes' Servants, "named Watkin and Jeffraye." It is in two parts, of which the first is, in general, a satire on the monastic orders; though even here, the Cardinal and his friends are occasionally introduced.

Roy's versification is tolerably easy and flowing; his language often coarse, but nervous and expressive. The bitterness of his invective will appear from the following extracts:—

*Wat.* Doth *he*[1] then use on mules to ride?
*Jeff.* Yea! and that with so shameful pride,
That to tell it is not possible.
More like a god celestial,
Than any creature mortal;
With worldly pomp incredible.

Before him rideth two priests strong,
And they bear two crosses right long,
Gaping in every man's face.
After him follow two laymen secular,
And each of them holding a pillar,
In their hands, instead of a mace.

[1] Cardinal Wolsey.

Then followeth my lord on his mule,
Trapped with gold under her *cule*,[1]
In every point most curiously.
On each side, a poll-ax is borne,
Which in none other use are worn,
Pretending some high mystery.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Then hath he servants five or six score,
Some behind, and some before,
A marvellous great company:

Of which are lords and gentlemen,
With many grooms and yeomen,
And also knaves among.
Thus daily he proceedeth forth,
And men must take it at worth,
Whether he do right or wrong.

A great carl he is, and a fat;
Wearing on his head a red hat,
Procur'd with *angels' subsidy*;[2]
And, as they say, in time of rain,
Four of his gentlemen are fain
To hold over it a canopy.

[1] Cul. Fr. [2] *Purchased* at the court of Rome. An angel is a well-known coin.

Beside this, to tell thee more news,
He hath a pair of costly shoes,
Which seldom touch any ground;
They are so goodly and curious,
All of gold and stones precious,
Costing many a thousand pound.

*Wat.* And who did for these shoes pay?
*Jeff.* Truly, many a rich abbéy,
To be eased of his visitation, &c.

*The following is his description of the bishops—*

*Wat.* What? are the bishops divines?
*Jeff.* Yea! they can skill of wines,
Better than of divinity!

Lawyers they are of experience,
And, in cases against conscience,
They are *parfet*[1] by practise.
To forge excommunications
For tythes and decimations
Is their continual exercise.

As for preaching, they take no care:
They would see a course at a hare
Rather than to make a sermón:

[1] Perfect, Fr.

To follow the chace of wild deer,
Passing the time in jolly cheer
Among them all is common.

To play at the cards and the dice
Some of them are nothing nice;
Both at hazard and mum-chance.
They drink, in gay golden bowls,
The blood of poor simple souls,
Perishing for lack of sustenance, &c.

The following passage, on the abuse of great farms, is extremely curious. After describing the numerous exactions to which even the abbeys were subject, he interrupts the recital by this natural question—

*Wat.* How have the abbeys their payment?
*Jeff.* A new way they do invent,
Letting a dozen farms under one;
Which, one or two great Frankeleins,
Occupying a dozen mens' livings,
Take into their own hands alone.

*Wat.* The other, in paying their rent,
By likelihood, were negligent,
And would not do their duty?

*Jeff.* They payed their duty', and more,
But, their farms are *heythed*[1] so sore,
That they are brought unto beggary'.

The next poet deserving notice, is JOHN HEYWOOD the epigrammatist, who was much admired by Henry VIII. and by his daughter Queen Mary; but the modern reader will not easily detect, in his printed works, that elegant turn of humour which was so long the delight and admiration of an English court. His "Spider and Flie" is utterly contemptible; a less tiresome work is his "Dialogue, containing the number of the effec-" tual proverbs in the English tongue, compact in " a matter concerning two manner of marriages," printed in 1547. The idea is ingenious, and, though ill executed, such a repertory is at least curious. To the dialogue were added, in his *works* (printed by Powell, in 1562) six centuries of epigrams, interspersed with a few small tales and fables: and from this heap of rubbish it may perhaps be worth while to extract the three following specimens, which are in Heywood's very best manner.

*An old Wife's Boon.*

In old world, when old wives bitterly pray'd,
One, devoutly, as by way of a boon,

[1] Advanced.

Ask'd vengeance on her husband; and to him said,
" Thou wouldest wed a young wife, ere this week
" were done;
" (Were I dead) but thou shalt wed the devil as
" soon!"
" I cannot wed the devil," quoth he—" why?"
quoth she.
" For I have wedded his dam before," quoth he.
[1st. cent. Epig. 36.]

*Two Wishers for two manner of Mouths.*

" I wish thou hadst a little narrow mouth, wife,
" Little and little, to drop out words in strife!"
" And I wish you, sir, a wide mouth, for the nonce,
" To speak all that ever you shall speak at once!"
[1st cent. Epig. 83.]

*Of blind Bayard.*

Who so bold as *blind Bayard?*[1] no beast, of truth:
Whereof my bold-blind bayard perfect proof
shew'th;
Both of his boldness, and for his bold blindness;
By late occasion in a cause of kindness.

[1] *Bayard* is the name of a horse renowned in stories of chevalry, but I am ignorant of the source of this proverbial expression.

A company of us rode in a certain ground,
Where we, well nigh an impassable slough found.
Their horses, ere they enter'd, began to stay;
Every one horse giving an other the way;
Of good manners, as it were :—and, more and more
Each horse gave back to set his better before,
Save this rude, rusty, bold, blind bayard of mine,
As rashly as rudely, chopt forth : and, in fine,
Without any curtesy, ere any man bids,
Blindly and boldly he lept into the mids.
And look, how boldly the mids he lept intill,
Even with like boldness, in the mids he lay still.
And, trow you, the jade, at the best man's words there,
Would stir one joint? Nay: not the breadth of a hair!
But stared on them, with as bold a countenance,
As that hole had been his by inheritance!
He having no more to do there than I.

But straight, there cometh a *cart-wear*[1] of good *hors*[2] by,
By force whereof, and help of all that rout,
Blind bayard and I were drawn together out.
Which blind boldness, by this admonition,
Unless he amend in some meet condition,

[1] A team. [2] A contraction for *horses*.

Rather than ride so, I will afoot take pain,
Blind bold bayard shall not thus bear me again.
[2d cent. Epig. 101.]

The time of Heywood's birth is uncertain; he is supposed to have lived till 1565.

In 1542, a printer of the name of Robert Wyer, published an anonymous satire against women, entitled "the Scole-House, wherein every man "may rede a goodly prayer of the condycions of "women." From this work Mr. Warton has extracted the following epigrammatic stanza, which, in point of taste and spirit, nearly resembles the poetry of Heywood.

Truly some men there be,
That live alway in great horroúr,
And say, it goeth by destiny
To hang or wed: both have one hour:
And, whether it be, I am well sure,
Hanging is better of the twain:
Sooner done, and shorter pain.

The minor poets of this reign were, Andrew Borde, a whimsical physician, who is mentioned by the ingenious editor of the 'Muses' Library," with much more praise than he seems to deserve; John

Bale, the biographer; Brian Annesley, translator of the "City of Dames;" Andrew Chertsey, another translator; Wilfrede Holme, author of "the Fall and evil success of Rebellion;" Charles Bansley, a rhyming satirist; Christopher Goodwin, author of "the Maiden's Dream;" Richard Feylde, author of "the Treatise of the Lover and the "Jay:" and William Bloomfield, a monk of Bury, and chemical writer. These deserve no farther notice; but it would be unpardonable to omit the mention of two anonymous compositions, the "Tournament of Tottenham," and the "Nut-"brown Maid;" both of which are, by Mr. Warton, ascribed to this reign. By referring to the second volume of Percy's Reliques, (p. 13 and 29) where they are inserted, the reader will perceive that the first is anterior to the accession of Henry VIII. by at least half a century, and that the date of the second is still uncertain, though the circumstance of its having been first printed in Arnold's chronicle (p. 1521) is favourable to the conjecture of Warton and Capell. The poetical merit of both pieces, is unquestionable.

At the head of the Scotch poets of this period, stands Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, near Coupar, in Fife; born, as Mr. Pinkerton supposes, about the year 1490. He was (says this editor)

descended of an ancient family; was educated at St. Andrew's; afterwards travelled through England, France, Italy, and Germany, and returned to Scotland about 1514. Soon after his return he became one of the gentlemen of the king's chamber, and had the charge of superintending the education of the young prince, afterwards king James V. In 1536 he was employed by that monarch, as his ambassador to the emperor Charles V. and also to France, to negotiate the king's marriage: a proof that he possessed much of his master's confidence; which, indeed, he seems to have deserved, by the affection with which he served him, and by the honest and wise counsels which he never failed to offer. But the only permanent establishment which he ever gained at court, was the post of lion king at arms; an office of more honour than emolument. After the death of James V. in 1542, he is said to have enjoyed a degree of favour with the earl of Arran; but having been deprived of this by means of a court intrigue, he retired to his country seat, where he lived tranquil and respected till the end of 1553, when he died, at the age of about 60.

In the works of Sir David Lindsay we do not often find, either the splendid diction of Dunbar, or the prolific imagination of Gawin Douglas;

perhaps, indeed, his "*Dream*" is the only composition which can be cited as uniformly poetical: but his various learning, his good sense, his perfect knowledge of courts and of the world, the facility of his versification, and, above all, his peculiar talent of adapting himself to readers of all denominations, will continue to secure to him a considerable share of that popularity, for which he was originally indebted to the opinions he professed, no less than to his poetical merit. "In fact, (says "Mr. Pinkerton) Sir David was more the reformer "of Scotland than John Knox; for he had pre-"pared the ground, and John only sowed the "seed." This, though it has greatly increased his posthumous reputation, was a considerable impediment to his advancement during life, as it was not till 1560 that the reformation was established in Scotland; and his works being so odious to the clergy that, by an act of assembly in 1558, they were ordered to be publicly burned: there is perhaps not one of the numerous editions through which they have passed that preserves the genuine text of the author. The earliest, and probably the best of these, is that of 1568; the last (which is very common) is that of 1776.

The most important pieces in this volume are the "Dream," addressed to king James V.

and the "Dialogue between Experience and a "Courtier," commonly called the Book of the Monarchy.

The first of these is a vision, in which an allegorical lady, called *Remembrance*, transports the poet to the infernal regions, situated in the centre of the earth; she then gives him a view of purgatory; opens to his view all the riches of our planet; transports him through the three elements of water, air, and fire; visits with him the seven planets; passes to the crystalline and empyreal heavens, where he contemplates the throne of God; shews him the three quarters of the earth; and gives him a prospect of Paradise. As a contrast to these scenes of splendour, she next exhibits to him his native country, the misery of which (at that time governed in subservency to the policy of France) the poet very feelingly describes. Remembrance then carries him back to the cavern where he had fallen asleep, and he is awakened by the noise of a ship firing a broadside.

The following few lines, extracted from the prologue, will shew that Sir David Lindsay's talents were by no means ill suited to descriptive poetry.

I met dame Flora in dull weed disguised;
(Which, into May, was dulce and delectáble,)

With *stalwart*[1] storms her sweetness was surprised;
Her heavenly hues were turned into sable,
Which, onewhile, were to lovers amiable:
Fled from the frost, the tender flowers I saw,
Under dame Nature's mantle lurking *law*,[2] &c.

But these beauties are merely incidental: the poet's principal object being to instruct the king in the philosophy of that age, and above all, to inspire him with a just sense of his regal duties. This fine poem is preceded by an epistle, in which the author reminds his pupil, of the tenderness with which he had watched over his childhood, and of the amusements with which he had blended his instruction; and the work concludes with an "exhortation," in ten stanzas, filled with excellent advice, but delivered with a freedom and severity of language, which might possibly render it rather unpalatable. The preceptor, indeed, never quite forgot his authority, as will appear from the following five lines of "the Complaint of "the Papingo," which may be considered as presenting a summary of all our author's counsels.

Wherefore, since thou hast such capacity
To learn to play, and pleasantly to sing,

[1] Violent. [2] Low.

Ride horse, run spears, with great audacity,
Shoot with hand-bow, cross-bow, and culverin,
AMONG THE REST, SIR, LEARN TO BE A KING!

The poem usually called "the Monarchy," which comprehends more than half the volume, is a sort of abstract of universal history, in question and answer, the interlocutors being Experience and a Courtier. This fanciful mode of narration was convenient for the author's purpose which was not so much to give an exact chronicle of facts, as to justify, by examples from sacred and profane history, the moral, political and religious tenets, which he meant to inculcate. The work is professedly of the most popular kind—

—— to colliers, carters, and to cooks,
To Jack and Tom, my rhyme shall be directed.

For this reason he often varies his metre and his style, being sometimes grave and sententious, sometimes satirical and humorous, but never losing sight of his principal object, which is the overthrow of popery. The most impressive passage in the whole work is that chapter in the fourth book which describes the day of judgment, from whence I have extracted the following lines.

Then, with a roar, the earth shall rive,
And swallow them both man and wife.
Then shall these creatures forlorn,
*Wary*[1] the hour that they were born;
With many a hideous cry, and yell,
From time they feel the flamis fell
Upon their tender bodies bîte:
Whose torment shall be infinite.
The earth shall close, and from their sight
Shall taken be all kind of light.
There shall be howling, and *greiting*,[2]
*But*[3] hope of any comforting.
In that intolerable pain,
Eternally they shall remain,
Burning in furious flamis red;
Ever dying, but never be dead.
That the small minute of an hour,
To them shall be so great doloúr,
They shall think they have *done remain*[4]
A thousand years into that pain, &c.

The defence of the vulgar tongue in the first book, —the description of the confusion of tongues, the ridicule of idolatry, and the remarks on the effects of pilgrimages, in the second,—and the satire on the

[1] Curse.
[2] Crying, screaming. Sax.
[3] Without.
[4] Remained.

nuns and friars, in the third,—have a different kind of merit: the following comparison, in the fourth, is such a singular attempt to explain, by human reason, one of the darkest mysteries of our religion, that I could not forbear submitting it to the reader.

Take a *crowat*,[1] a pint-stoup, and a quart,
A gallon-pitcher, a puncheon, and a tun;
Of wine, or balm, give every one his part:
And fill them full till they be over-run:
The *little crowat in comparison*[2]
Shall be so full that it can hold no more:
(Of such measures though there were twenty score
Into the tun, or in the puncheon:)
So that those vessels, in one quality,
Can hold no more, (except they over-run)
Yet have they not alike in quantity,
So by this rude example you may see
Though every man be not alike in glore,
Are satisfied, that they desire no more.

Sir David Lindsay's play (which forms the second volume of Mr. Pinkerton's Scotish Poems, re-

[1] Cruet, a small vessel. The edit. 1566, reads *flacket*, i. e. flasket, a small flask.

[2] i. e. the cruet, *though* little in comparison.

printed, &c. 1792) is a curious specimen of the ancient *moralities*, and forms a most entertaining commentary on the manners of the times in which it was written. The scenes of "the poor man and "the pardoner," (beginning at page 61) and of "the parliament of correction," p. 141, are, perhaps, the most striking.

But the most pleasing of all this author's works is certainly the "History of Squire Meldrum," contained in Mr. Pinkerton's re-publication, (Vol. I. p. 147). The romantic and singular, but authentic, character of the hero, is painted with great strength and simplicity; and the versification possesses a degree of facility and elegance at least equal to the most polished compositions of Drayton. Of this the reader will judge from the following specimen, which is taken from the beginning of the second book. (Pink. Scot. Poems, Vol. I. p. 179, &c.)

And as it did approach the night,
Af a castéll he got a sight,
Beside a mountain, in a vale:
And then, after his great *travail*,[1]
He purposed him to *repois*,[2]
Where ilk man did of him rejoice.

[1] Work, Fr.; or perhaps travel, *i. e.* journey.

[2] The original spelling is, here, necessary for the rhyme.

Of this triumphant pleasant place,
A *lusty lady*[1] was mistréss;
Whose lord was dead some time before,
Wherethrough, her dolour was the more.
But yet, she took some comforting,
To hear the pleasant dulce talking
Of this young squyer; of his chance,
And how it fortuned him in France.

This squyer, and the lady gent,
Did wash; and then to supper went.
During that night, there was nought else
But for to hear of his *novelles*.[2]
Æneas, when he fled from Troy,
Did not queen Dido greater joy,
When he in Carthage did arrive,
And did the siege of Troy descrive.
The wonders that he did rehearse
Were *langsum*[3] for to put in verse;
Of which this lady did rejoice:
They drank, and *sen*[4] went to repois.

He found his chamber well array'd,
With *dornick-work*[5] on board display'd.

[1] Lady Gleneagles. (Vide Lindsay's Hist. of Scot. p 200.)
[2] Adventures. Fr. [3] Tedious. Sax. [4] Since, afterwards.
[5] Damasked? (Pink. Gloss.) Ornicle, in La Combe's

Of venison he had his *wale*;[1]
Good aqua-vitæ, wine, and ale;
With noble comfits, brawn and *jell*:[2]
And so the squyer *fuir*[3] right well.

So, to hear more of his narration,
This lady came to his collation;
Saying he was right welcome *hame*.[4]
"Grandmerci then (quoth he) Madam."
They past the time with chess and table,
(For he to every game was able)
Then unto bed drew every wight.
To chamber went this lady bright,
The which this squyer did convoy:
Sen, to his bed he went with joy.

That night he sleeped never a wink,
But still did on the lady think, &c.

The adventure which follows, nearly resembles

Dict. du Vieux Lang. is interpreted "sorte d'etoffe fort "riche;" and linen imitating the patterns of such stuff, might be called travail *d'ornicle*. In Dutch, doornick is the name for tournay; the word, therefore, *may* be synonimous with Flemish linen.

[1] Choice. Ruddiman's Gloss.
[2] Jelly.
[3] Fared.
[4] Home.

that of Dido and Æneas; but Lindsay, though more circumstantial, is less delicate than Virgil in relating the good fortune of his hero; which is the more to be lamented, because his description contains some curious particulars respecting the customs and fashions of the age.

Sir David Lindsay has enumerated no less than seven contemporary poets, of whom, however, we have no remains, excepting three pieces composed by one of the Stewarts, and inserted in p. 146, 148, and 151, of lord Hailes's extracts from the Bannatyne MSS. They are principally remarkable for the freedom with which they censure the conduct of king James V.

But the finest specimen of Scotch poetry, during this period, is a piece which is quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, from the Maitland MSS. under the title of the "Mourning Maiden," and printed by Mr. Pinkerton. (Anc. Scot. Poems, 1786, p. 205.)

*The Mourning Maiden.*

Still under the leavis green,
This hinder day I went alone;
I heard a *may* [1] sore mourn, and *meyn*; [2]
To the king of love she made her moan.

[1] Virgin. Sax. [2] Moan, complain.

She sighed *sely*[1] sore;
Said, " Lord, I love thy lore,
" More woe *dreit*[2] never woman one.
" O langsum life! an thou were gone,
" Then should I mourn no more!"

As red gold wire shined her hair,
And all in green the may she *glaid*;[3]
A bent bow in her hand she bare,
Under her belt were arrows *braid*.[4]
I followed *on that free*,[5]
That seemly was to see,
With still mourning her moan she made,
That *bird* under a bank she *bade*[6]
And leaned to a tree.

" *Wan-weird!*"[7] she said, " what have I wrought,
" That on me *kyth*[8] has all this care?
" True love, so dear I have thee bought!
" Certes, so shall I do no *mair*,[9]

[1] Wonderfully? *sellie*. Sax. [2] Endured; *dreogan*. Sax.
[3] Glided along. [4] Broad.
[5] After that *noble* maid. Free, in Old English, is almost constantly used in the sense of noble or genteel.
[6] Abode. [7] Misfortune.
[8] Cast. [9] More.

" Sen that I go beguil'd,
" With one that faith has *syl'd*,[1]
" That *gars*[2] me *oft-syis*[3] sigh full sare,
" And walk among the *holtis hair*,[4]
" Within the woodis wild.

" This great disease for love I *dre*,[5]
" There is no tongue can tell the woe.
" I love the love that loves not me;
" *I may not mend, but mourning mo*[6]
" While God send some remede
" Through destiny or *deid*.[7]
" I am his friend, and he my foe.
" My sweet, alas! why does he so?
" I wrought him never no *feid!*[8]

" Withouten feign, I was his friend,
" In word and work, great God it *wait!*[9]
" Where he was placed, there list I *leynd*,[10]
" Doing him service *air*[11] and late.

[1] Deceived. [2] Causes. [3] Oft-sithes, *i. e.* oft-times.
[4] *Holts* are woody hills. Holtis *hoar* are used in Sir Launfal, Mort Arthur, &c. [5] Endure.
[6] I cannot be relieved except by a continuance of mourning. [7] Death. [8] Feud, enmity.
[9] Wots, knows. [10] To dwell. Rudd. Gloss.
[11] Early.

" He *keepand*[1] after *syne*[2]
" Till his honour and mine:
" But now he goes another *gait*,[3]
" And has no eye to my *estate*,[4]
" Which does me all this *pyne*.[5]

" It does me pyne that I may prove,
" That makis me thus mourning mo.—
" My love he loves another love,
" Alas, sweet-heart, why does he so?
" Why should he me forsake?
" Have mercy on his *make*.[6]
" Therefore my heart will burst in two:
" And thus, walking with doe and roe
" My life now here I take."

Then weeped she, lusty in weed,
And on her wayis gan she *went*,[7]
In hie, after that *hend*[8] I yede,
And in my armis could her *hent*,[9]

[1] Keeping, *watching*, guarding against.
[2] Sin, impeachment.
[3] Gait, or gate, and *way*, were formerly synonymous; and the Scotch still use *gang your gait*, for *go your way*.
[4] State, situation.
[5] Pain.
[6] Companion, mistress.
[7] Wend, go.
[8] Beautiful woman.
[9] Sieze; hende. Sax.

And said, " Fair lady, at this tide,
" (With leave) ye mon abide,
" And tell me who you hither sent?
" Or why ye bear your bow so bent
" To slay our deer of pride?

" In *waithman*[1] weed sen I you find,
" In this wood walking, your alone,
" Your milk-white handis we shall bind
" While that the blood burst from the bone.
" Charging you to prisón,
" To the king's deep dungeón,
" They may ken by your feather'd *flane*[2]
" Ye have been many beastis' bane,
" Upon these bentis brown."

That free answer'd with fair *afeir*[3]
And said, " Sir, mercy! for your might!
" Thus mon I bow and arrows bear,
" Because I am a banish'd wight;

[1] Hunter, and frequently an *outlaw*.
" They ought not be hold vagabons or waith."
[G. Douglas, p. 159, 27.]
Little John and Robin Hood,
*Waithmen* were commended good.
[Wintown's Chron. Vol. I. p. 397.]

[2] Arrows. Ruddim. Gloss.

[3] Propriety? aferir, Fr. is synonymous with *convenir*.

" So will I be full lang:
" For God's sake let me gang;
" And here to you my truth I plight,
" That I shall, neither day nor night,
" No wild beast wait with wrang.

" Though I walk in this forest free,
" With bow, and eke with feather'd flane,
" It is well more than dayis three
" And meat or drink yet saw I nane.
" Though I had ne'er such need
" Myself to win my bread,
" Your deer may walk, sir, *their alane*.[1]
" Yet was I ne'er na beastis bane;
" I may not see them bleed!

" Sen that I never did you ill,
" It were no skill ye did me *skaith*.[2]
" Your deer may walk where'er they will,
" I win my meat with no such *waith*.[3]
" I do but little wrang,
" But if I flowers *fang*,[4]

[1] In the eighth stanza, the author uses *your alone* instead of you alone.

[2] Mischief.

[3] Hunting; wæthan. Sax.

[4] Seize. Sax.

" If that ye trow not in my *aith*
" Take here my bow and arrows baith,
" And let my own self gang."

" I say your bow and arrows bright!
" I bid not have them, by Saint Bride,
" But ye mon rest with me all night,
" All naked, sleeping by my side."
" I will not do that sin,
" *Leif you*,[1] this world to win!"—
" Ye are so hale of hue and *hide*,[2]
" Love has me *fanged* in this tide,
" I may not from you *twinn*."[3]

Then looked she to me, and *lough*;[4]
And said, " Such love *I rede you layn*;[5]
" Albe ye make it ne'er so tough,
" To me your labour is in vain.
" Were I out of your sight,
" The space of half a night,
" Suppose ye saw me ne'er again—
" Love has you strain'd with little pain,
" Thereto my truth I plight."

[1] Love you! a mode of address.
[2] Skin.
[3] Separate.
[4] Laughed.
[5] I advise you to dismiss.

I said, " My sweet, forsooth I shall
" For ever love you, and no mo:
" Though others love, and leave withall,
" Most certainly I do not so.
" I do you true love *hecht*,[1]
" By all thy beauties bright!
" Ye are so fair— be not my foe!
" Ye shall have sin an ye me *slo*[2]
" Thus through a sudden sight."

" That I you slay, that God forshield!
" What have I done or said you till?
" I was not wont weapons to wield—
" But am a woman—if ye will,
" That sorely fearis you,
" And ye not me I trow.
" Therefore, good sir, take in none ill,
" *Shall never bairn gar brief the bill*
" *At bidding me to bow*.[3]

" Into this wood aye walk I shall,
" Leading my life as woful wight;
" Here I forsake both bow'r and hall,
" And all *thir bygings*[4] that are bright!

[1] Promise. [2] Slay.
[3] I do not understand these two lines.
[4] These buildings. Rudd. Gloss.

" My bed is made full cold
" With beastis *brim*[1] and bold;
" That gars me say, both day and night,
" Alas that ever the tongue should hecht
" That heart thought not to hold!"

These words out through my heart so went,
That near I weeped for her woe,
But thereto would I not consent,
And said, that it should not be so;
Into my armis *swithe*[2]
Embraced I *that blithe*,[3]
Saying, " sweet-heart, of harmis *ho!*[4]
" *Fond*[5] shall I never this forest fro
" While ye me comfort *kyth*."[6]

Then kneeled I before *that clear*,[7]
And meekly could her mercy crave.

[1] Fierce. Rudd. Gloss.

[2] Quickly.

[4] " An interjection, commanding to desist or leave off." Rudd. Gloss.

" That can of wrath and malice never *ho*."
G. Doug. Virg. p. 148, l. 2.

[5] Go. [6] Shew.

[3 7 8] This use of the adjective was probably a Gallicism. As the French would say *cette belle*, this author employs

*That seemly*[8] then, with sober cheer,
Me, of her goodliness, forgave.
It was no need, I wis,
To bid us other kiss;
There might no hearts more joy receive,
*Nor*[9] either could of other have.
Thus brought were we to bliss.

" that hend—that blithe—that clear—that seemly." Such was the usage of the times.

[9] Than.

# SPECIMENS, *&c.*

## Henry VIII.

# SIR THOMAS WYATT,

Of Allington Castle, Kent, was born in 1503; educated at both universities; a great traveller; possessed all the modern languages; and was often employed by Henry VIII. in foreign missions. Though generally, and justly, in the confidence of his master, he was imprisoned by him on suspicion of a connection with Anne Boleyn, but justified himself, and was restored to favour. Being sent to conduct the ambassador of Charles V. from Falmouth, he caught a fever on the road by riding too hard in a hot day, and died at Sherborne, where he was buried in the conventual church, in 1541.

His genius was of the moral and didactic cast; and he may be considered (says Warton) as the first *polished* satirist: but his imagination was inferior to that of his friend Surrey; and his love-verses are often filled with conceit and antithesis.

---

MADAM, withouten many words,
Once, I am sure, you will, or no:
And if you will, then leave your *bourds*,[1]
And use your wit, and shew it so.

[1] Jests or tricks.

For, with a beck you shall me call;
And if, of one that burns alway,
Ye have pity' or ruth at all,
Answer him fair, with yea or nay!

If it be yea, I shall be fain;
If it be nay—friends, as before:
You shall another man obtain;
And I, mine own; and yours no more.

---

[*Abridged from* 40 *lines.*]

Your looks so often cast,
Your eyes so friendly roll'd,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Always one to behold;
Tho' hide it fain ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
And where good-will ye bear.

Fain would ye find a cloak
Your burning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breaks out on every side.

Ye cannot love so guide
That it no issue win;
Abroad needs must it glide
That burns so hot within.

---

[*Abridged from* 36 *lines.*]

Since love will needs that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree:
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity,
I shall always myself apply,
To serve and suffer patiently.

Though for good-will I find but hate,
And cruelty my life to waste;
And though that still a wretched state,
Should pine my days unto the last,
Yet I profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this mind may make me go;
And, whatsoever me befal,
I do profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.

# LORD SURREY.

Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, son and grandson to two dukes of Norfolk, lords treasurers, was born in 1520. While a boy, he resided at Windsor, in the quality of companion to Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, a natural son of Henry VIII. and, like Surrey, a youth of the highest expectations. They became warm friends; studied together at Wolsey's college, in Oxford; travelled into France; and at Calais received Henry, on his visit to Francis I. Richmond was, soon after, married to the lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister; but died in 1536, at the early age of 17.

Surrey was at once the hero of Romance, and the practical soldier: his superiority in the accomplishments of chivalry was proved at a tournament held by him at Florence, in honour of his Geraldine, and at another exhibited at Windsor, in the king's presence, in 1540. He served with great distinction in his father's army, which marched against the Scots in 1542, and contributed, by his skill and bravery, to the memorable victory of Flodden Field. In 1544, he commanded, as field-marshal, the English army in the expedition against Boulogne. His talents, his popularity, his high spirit, a suspicion of his intending to marry the princess Mary, with the view of obtaining the crown, and, above all, a treasured hate in the king's breast against the relations of Catharine Howard, procured his condemnation for a most frivolous offence, and he was beheaded in 1547.

The fair Geraldine, the object of his romantic passion, became the third wife, of Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln; and

Surrey married Frances, daughter of the earl of Oxford, by whom he had several children.

Surrey's smaller poems were printed by Tottel, in 1557; and other editions appeared in 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, 1587; and lastly in 1717. His translation of Virgil's second and fourth books, into English blank verse, a translation said to be equally elegant and faithful, was published in 1557. This curious work has been reprinted from a copy preserved in Dulwich college library, and it is hoped, will soon be given to the public.

For a more particular account of this accomplished man, see Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, or Warton's History of Poetry.

*Description and praise of his Love, Geraldine.*

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was, sometime, her ancient seat;
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl; her dame of princes' blood:
From tender years, in Britain she doth rest,
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
Honsdon did first present her to mine ey'n;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind; her virtues from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love.

*Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure there passed.*

[Abridged from 54 lines.]

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
As proud Windsor! where I, in lust and joy,
With a king's son my childish years did pass
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy:

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sower!
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast up into the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tygers could but rue;
Where each of us did plead the other's right.

The palm-play, where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame;
To bait her eyes which kept the leads above.

The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords, and friendly hearts,

With cheer as though one should another whelm :
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.—

The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.

The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins *avaled*,[1] and swift ybreathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart *of force*.[2]

The wide vales, eke, that harbour'd us each night,
Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest:

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter night away—

[1] Reins dropped.

[2] Chasse *à forcer*, Fr. is the chace in which the game is run down, in opposition to the chasse *à tirer*, in which it is shot.

O place of bliss, renewer of my woes!
Give me account where is my noble *fere*,[1]
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose,
To other leefe, but unto me most dear.

---

*On the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

Divers thy death do diversly bemoan:
Some, that in presence of thy livelihed
Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln,
Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head!

And some, that watched with the murderer's knife,
With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
Whose practice brake that happy end of life,
With envious tears to hear thy fame so good!

But I, that knew what harbour'd in that head,
What virtues rare were temper'd in that breast:
Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
And kiss the ground whereas the corpse doth rest!—

[1] Companion.

## *The means to attain happy Life.*

[Translated from Martial.]

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;

The egal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule nor governance;
Without disease the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet; no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress:

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleep as may beguile the night:
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

*A praise of his Love, wherein he reproveth them that compare their ladies with his.*

Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well saine,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint;
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing hands how she did cry!
And what she said, I know it, I:

I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,

There was no loss by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

---

*Description of Spring, wherein each thing renews, save only the Lover.*

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.

Summer is come; for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes flete, with new repaired scale;

The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee, her honey now she mings;
Winter is worne, that was the flower's bale:

And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

## LORD VAUX.

This poet (says Mr. Warton) was probably Thomas Lord Vaux, son of Lord Nicholas. He was summoned to Parliament in 1531, and seems to have lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign. Two poems in Tottell's Collection, viz. "The Assault of Cupid," and that which begins "I lothe that I did love," (from whence three stanzas are quoted in the song of the grave-diggers in Hamlet) are certainly his.

Several of his pieces are also preserved in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices."

---

*The assault of Cupid upon the fort, where the Lover's heart lay wounded, and how he was taken.*

When Cupid scaled first the fort
Wherein my heart lay wounded sore,
The battery was of such a sort,
That I must yield, or die therefore.

There saw I Love upon the wall,
How he his banner did display;
"Alarm! alarm!" he gan to call,
And bade his soldiers keep array.

The arms, the which that Cupid bare,
  Were pierced hearts with tears besprent,
In silver and sable, to declare
  The stedfast love he always meant.

There might you see his band all dress'd,
  In colours, like to white and black;
With powder and with pellets, *prest*[1]
  To bring the fort to spoil and sack.

Good while, the master of the shot
  Stood in the rampire, brave, and proud;
For 'spence of powder, he spared not
  "Assault! assault!" to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannons roar;
  Each piece discharged a lover's look;
Which had the pow'r to rend, and tore
  In any place whereas they took.

And even with the trumpet's *sown*[2]
  The scaling-ladders were up set:
And Beauty walked up and down,
  With bow in hand, and arrows whet.

[1] Ready.
[2] Sound.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under his targe,
As one, the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed soldiers with their pikes,
And halberders, with handy strokes;
The *hargabushe*[1] in flash it lights,
And dims the air with misty smokes.

And as it is now soldiers use,
When shot and powder 'gins to want,
I hanged up my flag of truce
And pleaded for my life's grant.

When Fancy thus had made her breach,
And Beauty enter'd with her band,
With bag and baggage (silly wretch)
I yielded into Beauty's hand.

Then Beauty bade to blow retreat,
And every soldier to retire;
And Mercy mild with speed to *fet*[2]
Me captive bound as prisoner.

[1] Arquebusade.
[2] Fetch.

Madam, quoth I, sith that this day
Hath served you at all assays,
I yield to you, without delay,
Here of the fortress all the keys.

And, sith that I have been the mark
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Needs must you with your handy-*wark*,[1]
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

---

*Of a contented Mind.*

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find;
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
That hath a quiet mind.
And clear from worldly cares
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's pow'r,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour.

[1] Work.

And death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone:
For many have been harm'd by speech,
Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best, that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death;
Our kinsmen at the grave:
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore for virtue's sake,
I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

## THE QUESTION.

*Being asked the occasion of his white head, he answereth thus.*

WHERE seething sighs, and sower sobs
  Have slain the slips that Nature set;
And scalding show'rs, with stony throbs,
  The kindly sap from them hath fet;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be?

Where Thought hath thrill'd and thrown his spears,
  To hurt the heart that harm'd him not;
And groaning Grief hath ground forth tears,
  Mine eyne to stain, my face to spot;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be?

Where pinching Pain himself hath placed,
  There peace with pleasures were possess'd:
And walls of wealth are fall'n to waste,
  And poverty in them is prest;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be?

Where wretched Woe doth weave her web,
  Where Care the clue can catch and cast;
And floods of joy are fall'n to ebb,
  So low, that life may not long last;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be?

These hairs, of age are messengers;
  Which bid me fast, repent, and pray:
They be of death the harbingers,
  That do prepare and dress the way.
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
  How far my race was for to run:
They say my youth is fled, with strength,
  And how old age is well begun.
The which I feel: and you may see
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings, of sober sound,
  Whose musick is harmonical:
Their tunes declare—a time from ground
  I came—and how thereto I shall!
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant:
That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy, their lives well spent.
God grant likewise that you may see
Upon your head such hairs to be.

[*Paradise of Dainty Devices, edit.* 1576. *N. B. In edit.* 1580, *it is attributed, I believe falsely, to W. Hunnis.*]

## UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

Among the uncertain authors, whose works are subjoined to Lord Surrey's Poems, are to be classed (says Mr. Warton) Sir Francis Bryan, and Lord Rochford.

Sir Francis Bryan, (nephew to Bourchier lord Berners, the translator of Froissart) was the friend of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and knighted by Thomas earl of Surrey, during the expedition to Brittany. His wit and accomplishments procured him the post of gentleman of the privy chamber to Henry VIII. and he was afterwards promoted to more important employments, and died chief-justiciary of Ireland, 1548.

George Boleyn, viscount Rochford, brother to queen Anne Boleyn, with whom he was most unjustly accused of a criminal intimacy, was beheaded on this suspicion in May, 1536. He was the idol of the ladies at Henry's court, and wrote several songs and sonnets. The following, which, by the editor of lord Surrey's Poems, is placed among the works of Sir Thomas Wyatt, is, in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ascribed to Lord Rochford.

---

My lute awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.—

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil which thou hast got
Of simple hearts through love's shot,
By whom (unkind!) thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game on earnest pain:
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's plaine,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told,
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,

To cause thy lover's sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease my lute: this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun;
Now is this song both sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

---

*That each thing is hurt of itself.*

Why fearest thou thy outward foe,
When thou thyself thy harm dost feed?
Of grief or hurt, of pain or woe,
Within each thing is sown the seed.

So fine was never yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his iron did beat,
But the one consumed was with moth,
Th' other with canker all to-fret.

The knotty oak, and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the silly worm:
Even so, a mind in envy roll'd,
Always within itself doth burn.

Thus every thing that nature wrought
Within itself his hurt doth bear:
No outward harm need to be sought
Where enemies be within so near.

*The Lover in liberty smileth at them in thraldom, that sometimes scorned his bondage.*

[Abridged from 24 lines.]

At liberty I sit, and see
Them that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
Whip'd with the whip that scourged me;
And now they *ban*[1] that they were born!

I see them sit full soberly,
And think their earnest looks to hide;
Now in themselves they cannot spy,
That they, ere this, in me have spied!

I see them sitting all alone,
Marking the steps, each word, and look,
And now they tread where I have gone!
The painful path that I forsook.—

[1] Curse.

I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast, in dreadful doubt,
The self-same path that I have gone!
Blessed be hap that brought me out!

At liberty all this I see;
And say no word but *erst among*;[1]
Smiling at them that laugh'd at me;
Lo such is hap! mark well my song!

---

*The Lover in despair, lamenteth his case.*

ADIEU desert, how art thou spent!
Ah dropping tears how do ye waste,
Ah scalding sighs how be ye spent,
To prick them forth that will not haste!
Ah pained heart thou gap'st for grace
Even there where pity hath no place!

As easy 'tis the stony rock
From place to place for to remove,
As by thy plaint for to provoke
A frozen heart from hate to love:
What should I say! such is thy lot
To fawn on them that force thee not.

[1] I do not understand this expression.

Thus may'st thou safely say and swear
That rigour reigns and ruth doth fail,
In thankless thoughts thy thoughts do wear,
Thy truth, thy faith may nought avail
For thy good-will. Why shouldst thou so
Still graff where grace it will not grow?

Alas, poor heart, thus hast thou spent
Thy flowering time, thy pleasant years!
With sighing voice weep and lament,
For of thy hope no fruit appears:
Thy true meaning is paid with scorn,
That ever soweth and reapeth no corn.

And where thou seek'st a quiet port
Thou dost but weigh against the wind;
For where thou gladliest wouldst resort,
There is no place for thee assign'd;
Thy destiny hath set it so
That thy true heart should cause thy woe.

## *A Praise of his Lady.*

[Abridged from 56 lines.]

Give place, you ladies, and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all;
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone,
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
Unto the phenix kind,

Whose like was never seen or heard,
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope;
In word and eke in deed stedfast,
What will you more we say?—

Her roseal colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too than doth the rose
Within her lively face;

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play;
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use,
Is mix'd with shamefastness;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord, it is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly she doth as far exceed
Our women now-a-days,
As doth the gilly-flow'r a weed,
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree?
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give.
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

---

*The Lover accusing his Love for her unfaithfulness, purposeth to live in liberty.*

[Abridged from 56 lines.]

The smoky sighs, the bitter tears
That I in vain have wasted,
The broken sleeps, the woe and fears,
That long in me have lasted,
The love, and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce, and make me free.—

The fruits were fair the which did grow
Within thy garden planted,
The leaves were green of every bough,
And moisture nothing wanted;
Yet, ere the blossoms 'gan to fall
The caterpillar wasted all.

Thy body was the garden-place,
And sugar'd words it beareth;
The blossoms all, thy faith it was,
Which, as the canker, weareth.
The caterpillar is the same
That hath won thee, and lost thy name.—

---

*That all things sometime find ease of their pain, save only the Lover.*

[Abridged from 32 lines.]

I SEE there is no sort
Of things that live in grief,
Which at some time may not resort,
Whereas they have relief.

The chaced deer hath soil,
To cool him in his heat;
The ass, after his weary toil,
In stable is up set.

The coney hath his cave,
The little bird his nest,
From heat and cold themselves to save,
At all times as they list.

The owl, with feeble sight,
Lies lurking in the leaves;
The sparrow, in the frosty night,
May shroud her in the eaves.

But, woe to me, alas!
In sun, nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting-place
My burthen to unlade.—

---

*The Lover, that once disdained love, is now become subject, being caught in his snare.*

[The couplet printed in italics, is said to have been written by Queen Mary, on a window of Fotheringay Castle.]

To this my song give ear who list,
And mine intent judge as you will;
The time is come that I have miss'd
The thing whereon I hoped still;
*And, from the top of all my trust*
*Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.*

The time hath been, and that of late,
My heart and I might leap at large,
And was not shut within the gate
Of love's desire, nor took no charge
Of any thing that did pertain
As touching love, in any pain.

My thought was free, my heart was light,
I marked not who lost, who saught,[1]
I plaid by day, I slept by night,
I forced not who wept, who laught;
My thought from all such things was free,
And I myself at liberty.

I took no heed to taunts nor toys,
As lief to see them frown as smile;
Where fortune laugh'd I scorn'd their joys;
I found their frauds, and every wile;
And to myself ofttimes I smiled,
To see how love had them beguiled.

Thus, in the net of my conceit,
I masked still among the sort
Of such as fed upon the bait,
That Cupid laid for his disport;
And ever, as I saw them caught,
I them beheld and thereat laught.

[1] Perhaps saved, or won.

Till at the end, when Cupid spied
My scornful will, and spiteful use,
And how I past not who was tied,
So that myself might still live loose;
He set himself to lie in wait,
And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one as Nature never made,
I dare well say, save her alone;
Such one she was as would invade
A heart more hard than marble stone;
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her Nature made to shew her might.

Then, as a man even in a maze,
When use of reason is away,
So I began to stare and gaze;
And suddenly, without delay,
Ere ever I had the wit to look,
I swallow'd up both bait and hook.

Which daily grieves me more and more,
By sundry sorts of careful woe,
And none alive may salve the sore,
But only she that hurt me so;
In whom my life doth now consist
To save or slay me as she list.

But seeing now that I am caught,
And bound so fast I cannot flee;
Be ye by mine ensample taught,
That in your fancies feel you free;
Despise not them that lovers are,
Lest you be caught within his snare.

---

*The Lover not regarded in earnest suit, being become wiser, refuseth his proffered love.*

[Abridged from 35 lines.]

Do 'way your physick, I faint no more;
The salve you sent, it comes too late;
You wist well all my grief before,
And what I suffer'd for your sake;
Whole is my heart, I plain no more,
A new the cure did undertake,
Wherefore do 'way, you come too late.

For whiles you knew I was your own,
So long in vain you made me gape,
And though my faith it were well known,
Yet small regard you took thereat.
But, now the blast is over-blown,
Of vaine physick a salve you shape,
Wherefore do 'way, you come too late.

How long, ere this, have I been fain
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Until the time I spied it plain
That pity and you fell at debate.
For my redress then was I fain
Your service clean for to forsake:
Wherefore do 'way, you come too late.—

---

*Harpalus' complaint of Phillida's love bestowed on Corin, who loved her not, and denied him that loved her.*

[Abridged from 104 lines.]

Phillida was a fair maid,
As fresh as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the herdman pray'd
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corín,
Were herdmen both *yfere*;[1]
And Phillida could twist and spin,
And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
For Harpalus to win,

[1] Together.

For Corin was her only joy,
Who *forst*[1] her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlands make
Of cowslips and of columbine?
And all for Corin's sake.

But Corin he had hawks to lure,
And forsed more the field;
Of lover's law he took no cure,
For once he was beguiled.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he lov'd her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,
And dry as clot of clay;
His flesh it was consumed clean,
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long been shave,
His hair hung all *unkempt*;[2]

[1] Loved. [2] Uncombed.

A man fit most for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all *fore-watch'd*,[1]
His face *besprent*[2] with tears;
It seem'd unhap had him long hatch'd,
In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare,
As one forlorn was he;
Upon his head always he ware
A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus, with sighs and sorrows shrill,
He 'gan to tell his tale:

"O Harpalus! (thus would he say)
"Unhappiest under sun!
"The cause of thine unhappy day
"By love was first begun.

"For thou went'st first by suit to seek
"A tiger to make tame;

[1] Overwatched, tired with watching.
[2] Besprinkled.

" That sets not by thy love a leek,
" But makes thy grief her game.

" As easy it were for to convert
" The frost into the flame,
" As for to turn a froward heart,
" Whom thou so fain would'st frame.

" Corin he liveth caréless,
" He leaps among the leaves;
" He eats the fruits of thy *redress*,[1]
" Thou reapst, he takes the sheaves.

" My beasts, awhile your food refrain,
" And hark your herdman's sound,
" Whom spiteful love, alas! hath slain,
" *Through-girt*[2] with many a wound.

" O happy be ye, beastés wild,
" That here your pasture takes;
" I see that ye be not beguil'd,
" Of these your faithful *makes*.[3]

" The hart he feedeth by the hind,
" The buck hard by the doe,

[1] Labour. [2] Pierced-through.
[3] Mates.

" The turtle-dove is not unkind
" To him that loves her so.—

" But, welaway! that nature wrought
" Thee, Phillida, so fair;
" For I may say that I have bought
" Thy beauty all too dear!

" What reason is that cruelty
" With beauty should have part?
" Or else that such great tyranny
" Should dwell in woman's heart?

" O, Cupid, grant this my request,
" And do not stop thine ears,
" That she may feel within her breast,
" The pains of my despairs.

" Of Corin that is caréless
" That she may crave her fee,
" As I have done in great distress
" That lov'd her faithfully.

" But since that I shall die her slave,
" Her slave and eke her thrall,
" Write you, my friends, upon my grave,
" This chance that is befall.

" Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
" Whom cruel love hath slain,
" By Phillida unjustly thus
" Murder'd with false disdain."

# Edward VI.

## EDWARD VI.

The poetical annals of this reign are almost intirely filled with metrical translations, from various parts of the Holy Scriptures. Wyatt and Surrey had translated some of the Psalms; but Sternhold, an enthusiast in the cause of the reformation, taking offence at the indecent ballads which were current among the courtiers; and, hoping to substitute a set of more holy subjects, undertook a translation of the Psalter. A similar attempt had been made in France by Clement Marot; and, strange to say, had been made with success: and though Sternhold did not possess the talents of Marot, his industry has been rewarded by still more permanent popularity. It is rather whimsical that the first versions of the Psalms were made, in both countries, by laymen and court poets; and they translated nearly an equal number: Marot 50, and Sternhold 51. Sternhold died in 1549; and his psalms were printed in the same year, by Edward Whitchurch.

John Hopkins, a clergyman and schoolmaster in Suffolk, rather a better poet than Sternhold,

added 58 psalms to the list. Of the other contributors, the chief, in point of rank and learning, was William Whyttingham, dean of Durham, whose translations are marked with the initials of his name. Thomas Norton, a barrister, and native of Sharpenhoe, in Bedfordshire, who assisted Sackville in composing the tragedy of Gorboduc, wrote 27. The intire collection was at length published by John Day, in 1562.

It certainly is not easy to discover the grand features of Hebrew poetry, through the muddy medium of this translation, but it is a curious repertory, and highly characteristic of the time in which it was written. Metre was the universal vehicle of devotion. Our poets were inspired with a real and fervent enthusiasm, and though the tameness and insipidity of the language in which they vented this inspiration, may surprise and disgust a modern reader, it was probably once thought to derive grandeur and sanctity from its subject.

The most notable versifiers of this reign were, John Hall, who published "certaine chapters "out of the Proverbs of Solomon, and translated "into English metre;" William Hunnis, a gentleman of the chapel, under Edward VI. afterwards chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth, and a most tedious contributor to the *Paradise of Dainty*

*Devices;* archbishop Parker, and Robert Crowley, a preacher and printer in Holborn; each of whom undertook a version of the Psalter; William Baldwin and Francis Seagur, both publishers of devotional poems; and Christopher Tye, doctor of music at Cambridge, 1545, and musical professor to prince Edward, and probably to the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, who translated and set to music the Acts of the Apostles.

Of such a period, it is not extraordinary that few specimens should be worth preserving, but it is rather singular that the best of these should be a drinking song. It is extracted from a play called Gammer Gurton's Needle, first printed in 1551.

## DRINKING SONG.

I CANNOT eat but little meat
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a malkworm should,
And saith, " Sweetheart, I took my part
" Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

## JOHN HALL.

In the new edition of "Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum," this author is said to have been a surgeon at Maidstone in Kent, and to have written many tracts on the subject of his profession. Besides his Court of Virtue, he published, in 1550, "Certain chapters taken out of the Proverbs of Solomon, "&c. &c." His birth may perhaps be placed about 1520.

### THE COURT OF VIRTUE.

*The just and true man complaineth that flattery and falsehood are more regarded than truth, and rejoiceth that he is hated for the truth.*

If Truth may take no trusty hold,
Nor cleave so fast as flattering sense,
Well may thy heart, poor man, be cold!
For then is gone all sure defence.

If meaning well may take no place,
Nor dealing just have no regard,
Thou must devise another space
To feign such things as may be heard.

Shall virtue dwell in such disdain?
And honesty be had in hate?
Then must we learn to glose, and feign,
Or else remain in vile estate.

But, if there be none other way,
To purchase favour and good-will,
Better it were, I dare well say,
In vile estate to tarry still.

Yet if wisdom were nobleness,
As noble birth and riches is,
Then should not truth be in distress,
And flattery should of favour miss.

" Blamed but not shamed," the proverb is,
And truth can have none other wrong:
So may they hap their mark to miss,
That think themselves in falsehood strong.

Then hated, lo, I must rejoice,
And fond-regard despise as vain:
Closing my mouth, stopping my voice
From speech in presence of disdain.

## A DITTY,

*Named "Blame not my Lute;" which under that title toucheth, replieth, and rebuketh, the wicked state and enormities of most people in these present miserable days.*

BLAME not my lute, though it do sound
The rebuke of your wicked sin;
But rather seek, as ye are bound,
To know what case that ye are in.
And though this song do sin confute,
And sharply wickedness rebuke,
Blame not my lute.

If my lute blame the covetise,
The gluttons, and the drunkards vile,
The proud disdain of worldly wise,
And how falsehood doth truth exile:
Though vice and sin be now in place,
In stead of virtue and of grace:
Blame not my lute.

Though wrong in justice' place be set,
Committing great iniquity,
Though hypocrites be counted great,
That maintain still idolatry,

Though some set more by things of nought
Than by the Lord that all hath wrought,
Blame not my lute.

Blame not my lute I you desire,
But blame the cause that we thus play:
For burning heat blame not the fire,
But him that bloweth the coal alway.
Blame ye the cause, blame ye not us;
That we men's faults have touched thus,
Blame not my lute.

---

A DITTY,

*To be sung of musicians in the morning, at their lord or master's chamber door, or elsewhere of him to be heard.*

[Abridged from seven stanzas.]

THE dawning day begins to glare,
And Lucifer doth shine on high;
And saith that Phœbus doth prepare
To shew himself immediately.

And the most dark tenebrous night
Is fain to flee and turn her back,

Which can in no wise hide the light,
But bears away her mantle black.

Wherefore, in time let us avise,
And slothfulness do clean away;
Doing some godly exercise,
As servants true, whilst it is day,

Let us in no wise time abuse,
Which is God's creature excellent;
All slothful sleep let us refuse,
To virtuous works let us be bent.

## ALEXANDER SCOT.

This author, "the Anacreon of old Scotish poetry (says Mr. "Pinkerton) began to write about A. D. 1550. His pieces "are very correct and elegant for the age; and almost all "amatory. From p. 192 to 211 of lord Hailes's Collection "are *seven* of this poet's pieces, and in the Bannatyne MSS. "are seventeen more, unpublished. He stands at the head "of the minor poets of Scotland."

### LAMENT WHEN HIS WIFE LEFT HIM.

To love unloved it is a pain;
For she that is my sovereign,
Some wanton man so high has set her,
That I can get no love again,
But break my heart, and nought the better.

When that I went, with that sweet may,
To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,
And oft-times in my armis *plet*[1] her,
I do now mourn both night and day,
And break my heart, and nought the better.

[1] Folded.

Where I was wont to see her go,
Right trimly passing to and fro,
With comely smiles when that I met her;
And now I live in pain and woe,
And break my heart, and nought the better.

*Whatane a glaikit*[1] fool am I,
To slay myself with melancholy',
Sen well I ken I may not get her?
Or what should be the cause, and why,
To break my heart, and nought the better?

My heart, sen thou may not her please,
Adieu! as good love comes as *gaes*;[2]
Go chuse another, and forget her.
God give him dolour and disease,
That breaks his heart, and nought the better.

---

OF WOMANKIND.

[Abridged from 13 stanzas.]

I MUSE and marvell in my mind,
What way to write or put in verse,
The quaint counsels of womankind,
Or half their havings to rehearse;

[1] What a wanton fool. [2] Goes.

I find their whole affection
So contrair their complexion.

For why? *no leid unleill they lat*,[1]
Untruth expressly they expell;
Yet are they plenish'd and replete
Of falsehood and deceit *theirsell*;[2]
So find I their affection
Contrair their own complexion.

They favour no ways foolish men,
And very few of them are wise;
All greedy persons they mis-ken,
And they are full of covetise;
So find I their affection
Contrair their own complexion.

They would have all men bound and thrall,
To them, and they for to be free;
They covet ilk man at their call,
And they to live at liberty:
So find I their affection
Contrair their own complexion.

They take delight in martial deeds,
And are of nature tremebund;

[1] Suffer no unloyal person. [2] Themselves.

They would men nourish'd all their needs,
Sen, comfortless lets them confound;
So find I their affection
Contrair their own complexion.

The virtue of this writ, and vigour,
Made in comparison it is,
That feminine are of this figure,
Which cleped is Antiphrasis;
For why? their whole affection
Is contrair their complexion.

I wot, good women will not *wyt*[1] me,
Nor of this schedule be ashamed;
For, be they courteous, they will quit me;
And if they crab, here I *quit-claim*[2] it;
Confessing their affection
Conform to their complexion.

[1] Blame. [2] Disclaim.

## CLAPPERTON.

A Scotish poet, whose history is unknown, but who appears to have flourished about A.D. 1550. The following specimen is taken from Pinkerton's Anc. Scot. Poems, 1786, with the omission of the sixth stanza.

### WOE WORTH MARIAGE!

In *Bowdoun*,[1] on black monday,
When all was gathered to the play,
Both men and women 'sembled there,
I heard a sweet one sigh, and say
Wo worth mariage for evermair!

Maidens, ye may have great pleasance
For to do Venus observance,
Though I inclosed be with care,
That I dare neither sing nor dance.
Wo worth mariage for evermair!

When that I was a maiden *ying*,[2]
Lightly would I dance and sing,

[1] A village on the Tweed, near Old Melrose. [2] Young.

And sport and play, both late and *air.*[1]
Now dare I nought look to such thing.
Wo worth mariage for evermair!

Thus am I bounden, out of bliss,
Unto a churl says I am his,
That I dare nought look o'er the stair,
*Scantly*[2] to give Sir John a kiss!
Wo worth mariage for evermair!

Now, were I a maiden as I was—
To make me lady of the Bas,
And though that I were ne'er so fair,
To wedding should I never pass.
Wo worth mariage for evermair!—

All night I *clatter*[3] upon my creed,
Praying to God that I were dead;
Or else out of the world he were:
Then should I see for some remede.
Wo worth mariage for evermair!

Ye should hear tell (an he were gone)
That I should be a wanton one.
To *leir*[4] the law of lovis *layr*[5]

[1] Early. [2] Scarcely. [3] Chatter.
[4] Learn. [5] Doctrine.

In our town like me should be none.
Wo worth mariage for evermair!

I should put on my russet gown,
My red kirtle, my hose of brown,
And let them see my yellow hair
Under my kerchief hanging down.
Wo worth mariage for evermair!

Lovers both should hear and see,
I should love them that would love me;
Their hearts for me should ne'er be *sare*[1]
But aye unwedded should I be.
Wo worth mariage for evermair!

[1] Sore.

# Queen Mary.

## QUEEN MARY.

The short and sanguinary reign of this female fanatic, does not seem to have left any traces of its malignant influence on our literary history. The narrowness of the queen's temper, the gloom of her court, and her frequent proscriptions, were not likely to excite a taste, or to furnish subjects, for poetry, nevertheless they did not materially check the impulse already given. Indeed, if Mr. Warton's mode of arrangement be admitted, it is to this reign, that we are indebted for the first regular tragedy, and the first attempt at epic poetry, in the English language, as well as for two critical dissertations of very considerable merit.

The tragedy of Gorboduc, afterwards published under the title of Ferrex and Porrex, was written by Sackville lord Buckhurst, and first earl of Dorset, who was born in 1530. It is said to have been completed and fitted for the stage by the assistance of Norton; but Mr. Warton thinks that the whole was Sackville's composition, and finished in the beginning of this reign, when he was a student at the Inner Temple. In 1557 he formed the outline of a poem of the epic kind, and which, in its plan and character, had some resemblance to

the Inferno of Dante. It was intended to exhibit all the illustrious and unfortunate characters of English history, from the Conquest, to the end of the fourteenth century; who were to pass in review before the poet, and severally recite to him their misfortunes. The scene was hell, to which the poet was supposed to have descended, under the guidance of SORROW. But Sackville had only leisure to finish the *induction*, or poetical preface, and the concluding legend, which was that of Henry Stafford, duke of Buckingham.

The two associates (Baldwin and Ferrers) to whom he delegated the completion of the work, materially altered its structure; substituting for his machinery, the contrivance adopted by Boccace, in his treatise "de Casibus Principum." A company is assembled, each of whom, excepting one, personates an unfortunate sufferer, and under that assumed character, relates his adventures to the silent person of the assembly. The work thus arranged, was published by Thomas Marsh in 1559. After passing through four editions, it was republished, in 1587, with considerable additions, under the care of a new editor, *John Higgins;* and, its popularity still continuing, it was again edited by *Richard Niccols*, in 1610, with the addition of a "a winter night's vision," and of a new poem, called "England's Eliza."

The *Toxophilus*, by Roger Ascham, and the "Art "of Rhetorick," by Thomas Wilson, both of which were intended as models of a *pure* English style, and contain many just and pertinent remarks on our language, are referred, by Mr. Warton, to this reign. But Wilson's Rhetorick, though first printed in 1553, must have been composed in the reign of Edward VI.: and the Toxophilus, which was published in 1545, seems to belong to that of Henry VIII. It may also be doubted whether the greater part of the poems in the "Paradise of Dainty "Devices" were composed during this reign; but having no means of ascertaining the date of such anonymous pieces as are extracted from that miscellany, I have thought it best to follow Mr. Warton's authority.

## THOMAS NORTON.

The time of his birth is not mentioned by Wood, who calls him a forward and busy Calvinist. He has been already noticed in the account of the preceding reign (to which, perhaps, he more properly belongs) as a translator of the Psalms, and as a supposed assistant to Sackville in completing the tragedy of Gorboduc. His title to the following short piece, rests on the authority of a MS. in the Cotton library, entitled "Verses on several subjects, about Queen "Marys time."

A MAN may live thrice Nestor's life,
Thrice wander out Ulysses' race,
Yet never find Ulysses' wife;
Such change hath chanc'd in this case!
Less age will serve than Paris had,
Small pain (if *none* be small enow)
To find good store of Helen's trade;
Such sap the root doth yield the bough!
For one good wife, Ulysses slew
A worthy knot of gentle blood:
For one ill wife, Greece overthrew
The town of Troy. Sith bad and good
Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
To keep me free from either ill!

## RICHARD EDWARDS

Was born in 1523, educated at Oxford, and, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was appointed one of the gentlemen of her chapel. He died in 1566, much esteemed by his contemporaries for the variety of his talents, being at once the best fidler, mimick, and sonneteer of the court. He composed three theatrical pieces, viz. Damon and Pythias (printed in Dodsley's Old Plays), and Palamon and Arcite, in two parts; and wrote, almost in his last moments, his "Soul knil," *soul's knell*, once very generally admired.

*From "Verses on several subjects, about Queen "Mary's time." Cotton MSS. Brit. Mus.*

When women first dame Nature wrought,
All good, quoth she, none shall be naught.
All wise shall be, none shall be fools,
For wit shall spring from women's schools.
In all good gifts they shall excell,
Their nature all no tongue can tell.—
Thus Nature said—I heard it, I,
I pray you ask them if I do lie?

By Nature's grant this must ensue,
No woman false, but all most true:
None sow debate but love maintain,
None wish to see their lover's pain.
As turtles true, their chosen one
They love, and pine when he is gone.
This is most true, none can deny;
I pray you ask them if I do lie?

No lamb so meek as women be,
Their humble hearts from pride are free;
Rich things they wear, and wot you why?
Only to please their husband's eye!
They never strive their wills to have,
Their husband's love, nought else they crave,
Vain tattle in them none can espy,
I pray you ask them if I do lie?

The eagle, with his piercing eye,
Shall burn and waste the mountains high:
Huge rocks shall fleet as ship with sail;
The crab shall run, swim shall the snail;
Springs shall return from whence they came;
Sheep shall be wild, and tygers tame:
Ere these my words false you shall try
Ha, ha! methinks I make a lie!

[*From the Paradise of Dainty Devices.*]

When May is in his prime,
Then may each heart rejoice:
When May bedecks each tree with green,
Each bird strains forth his voice.

The lively sap creeps up
Into the blooming thorn;
The flow'rs, which cold in prison kept,
Now laugh the frost to scorn.

All Nature's *imps*[1] triumph
Whilst joyful May doth last,
When May is gone, of all the year
The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue,
May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb,
May makes the merry mood.

May pricketh tender hearts
Their warbling notes to tune,
Full strange it is, yet some, we see
Do make their May in June.

[1] *i. e.* sons.

Thus, things are strangely wrought,
  Whilst joyfull May doth last,
Take May in time: when May is gone,
  The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,
  And have your May at will;
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
  And use your May with skill.

Use May, while that you may,
  For May hath but his time,
When all the fruit is gone, it is
  Too late the trèe to climb.

Your liking and your lust
  Is fresh whilst May doth last;
When May is gone, of all the year
  The pleasant time is past.

## AMANTIUM IRA AMORIS INTEGRATIO.

[From the Paradise of Dainty Devices.]

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smiled;
Then did she say, " Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
" The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of " love."

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight;
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight in place whereas she sate;

And proved plain, there was no beast, no creature bearing life
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

* * * * * * * *

I marvel much, pardie, quoth she, for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out.
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.

## THOMAS TUSSER

Was born (says Mr. Warton) at Rivenhall, in Essex, about the year 1523, and died in London, A. D. 1580. He was of an ancient family: was first placed as a chorister in the collegiate chapel of the castle of Wallingford; then impressed into the king's chapel, from whence he was admitted into the choir of St. Paul's cathedral, and completed his education at Eton, and Trinity college, Cambridge. From hence he was called up to court by his patron, William lord Paget; but, at the end of about ten years, exchanged the life of a courtier for the profession of a farmer, which he successively practised at Ratwood in Sussex, Ipswich, Fairstead, Norwich, and many other places. He was also, for some time, a singing-man in Norwich cathedral: but he prospered no where; and every period of his singular life seems to have been marked by the ceaseless persecutions of fortune.

At Ratwood he composed his "Five Hundred Points of good "Husbandrie, &c." which was printed in 1557, passed through many subsequent editions, and was reprinted (says the London Review for May, 1800) in 1710, with notes and observations by a Mr. Daniel Hilman, a surveyor, of Epsom, in Surrey.

This work is a sensible and lively, though not an elegant didactic poem, being solely intended for the use of the practical farmer. The preface "to the buier of this book," begins with the following lines, in a metre afterwards adopted by Shenstone—

What lookest thou herein to have?
Fine verses, thy fancy to please?
Of many, my betters, *that* crave:
Look nothing but rudeness in these.

In general, as Mr. Warton has justly observed, the work is "valuable as a genuine picture of the agriculture, the rural "arts, and the domestic economy and customs of our in-"dustrious ancestors." The following specimens will sufficiently exemplify the style of this author.

---

### GOOD HUSWIFELY PHYSICK.

Good huswife provides, ere sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for fevers that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and suckory, with spinach enow;
All such, with good pot-herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
[Good] conserves of barbery, quinces, and such,
With sirops, that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus'* counsel, ere medecine ye make,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.

Though thousands hate physick, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else would be lost.
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and than;
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble; seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail:
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail:
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

## MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE WINDS.

Though winds do rage, as winds were *wood*,[1]
And cause spring-tides to raise great flood;
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
Bereaving many of life and of blood;
Yet, true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

[1] Mad with rage.

## A SONNET.

[Perhaps addressed to his Wife.]

SEVEN times hath Janus ta'en new year by hand,
Seven times hath blustering March blown forth his power,
To drive out April buds, by sea and land,
For minion May to deck most trim with flower:
Seven times hath temperate Ver like pageant plaid;
And pleasant Æstas eke, her flowers told;
Seven times Autumnus' heat hath been delay'd,
With Hyems' boisterous blasts, and bitter cold:
Seven times the thirteen moons have changed hue;
Seven times the sun his course hath gone about:
Seven times each bird his nest hath built anew,
Since first time you to serve I choosed out:
Still yours am I, though thus the time have past,
And trust to be, as long as life shall last.

# UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

## THE THREE RAVENS.

### A DIRGE.

I.

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down a down, hey down, hey down,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a down;
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be,
With a down, derry, derry, derry, down, down.

II.

The one of them said to his *make*,[1]
Where shall we our breakfast take?

III.

Down in yonder green field:
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

IV.

His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they their master keep:

[1] *i. e.* his mate.

v.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh.

vi.

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go:

vii.

She lift up his bloody head,
And kist his wounds that were so red:

viii.

She got him upon her back
And carried him to earthen lake:

ix.

She buried him before the prime;
She was dead herself ere even-song time!

x.

God send every gentleman,
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a lemman!

This elegant and pathetic little piece is taken from Mr. Ritson's Collection of *Ancient Songs*, (Johnson, 1792) where it is printed, together with the original music. The burthen of the first stanza is to be supplied in all the others.

## YLOOP.[1]

*The perfect Trial of a faithful Friend.*

[From the Paradise of Dainty Devices.]

Not stayed state, but feeble stay,
Not costly robes, but bare array;
Not passed wealth, but present want,
Not heaped store, but slender scant;
Not plenty's purse, but poor estate,
Not happy hap, but froward fate;
Not wish at will, but want of joy,
Not heart's good health, but heart's annoy;
Not freedom's use, but prison's thrall,
Not costly seat, but lowest fall;
Not weal I mean, but wretched woe,
Doth truly try the friend from foe:
And nought but froward fortune proves,
Who fawning feigns, or simply loves.

[1] Mr. Stevens supposed the real name to be Pooley, but no anecdotes of this author are known.

## ON THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

[*From the same Collection.*]

[Abridged from 6 stanzas.]

To die, dame nature did man frame:
Death is a thing most perfect sure:
We ought not nature's works to blame,
She made no thing still to endure.
That law she made when we were born,
That hence we should return again:
To render right we must not scorn:
Death is due debt: it is no pain.

* * * * * *

Death hath in all the earth a right;
His power is great, it stretcheth far:
No lord, no prince, can scape his might;
No creature can his duty bar.
The wise, the just, the strong, the high,
The chaste, the meek, the free of heart;
The rich, the poor—who can deny—
Have yielded all unto his dart.

* * * * * *

Seeing no man then can death escape,
Nor hire him hence for any gain,

We ought not fear his carrion shape,
He only brings ill men to pain.
If thou have led thy life aright,
Death is the end of misery:
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to live eternally.

Each wight, therefore, while he lives here,
Let him think on his dying day:
In midst of wealth, in midst of cheer,
Let him account he must away.
This thought makes man to God a friend;
This thought doth banish pride and sin:
This thought doth bring a man in th' end
Where he of death the field shall win.

---

*Man's fleeting life finds surest stay*
*Where sacred virtue beareth sway.*

[From the same Collection.]

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain:
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set:
The swiftest bird that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowler's net.
The greatest fish in deepest brook
Is soon deceived with subtle hook.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit, and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is no thing but time doth waste;
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits, triumphing still,
Upon the throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

## COMPLAINT FOR THE LOSS OF A FRIEND.

[From the same Collection.]

Why should I longer long to live,
In this disease of fantasy?
Since Fortune doth not cease to give
Things to my mind most contrary:
And at my joys doth low'r and frown,
'Till she hath turn'd them upside-down.

A friend I had, to me most dear,
And, of long time, faithful and just;
There was no one my heart so near,
Nor one in whom I had more trust;
Whom now of late, without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemy.

The grass, methinks, should grow in sky;
The stars unto the earth cleave fast;
The water-stream should pass away;
The winds should leave their strength of blast;
The sun and moon, by one assent,
Should both forsake the firmament;

The fish in air should fly with fin,
The fowls in flood should bring forth fry,
All things methinks should first begin
To take their course unnaturally,
Afore my friend should alter so,
Without a cause to be my foe.

But such is fortune's hate, I say,
Such is her will on me to wreak;
Such spite she hath at me alway,
And ceaseth not my heart to break.
With such despite of cruelty:
Wherefore then longer live should I?

# Queen Elizabeth.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The poetical history of this important reign, which occupies near a century in our annals, could not easily be comprised in a moderate volume. Epic and didactic poems, satires, plays, masques, translations from the Greek, Latin, and all the modern languages, historical legends, devotional poems, pastorals, sonnets, madrigals, acrostics, and humorous and romantic ballads were produced, during this period, with a profusion which, perhaps, has never since been equalled. No less than seventy-four poets are assigned to the reign of Elizabeth in the new edition of the "Theatrum Poetarum," and the catalogue might certainly be much farther extended.

It is true that, of these claimants to immortality, the far greater number have been very generally consigned to oblivion; a few, such as Drayton, Fairfax, Warner, Sir John Harrington, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. continue to be cited, in deference to their ancient reputation; but Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Spenser, and Sir John Davis, are still confessed to be unrivalled in their several styles of composition, although near two centuries have

elapsed, during which the progress of literature and the improvement of our language, have been constant and uninterrupted.

The literary splendour of this reign may be justly attributed to the effects of the Reformation. "When "the corruptions and impostures of popery were "abolished (says Mr. Warton) the laity, who had "now been taught to assert their natural privileges, "became impatient of the old monopoly of know-"ledge, and demanded admission to the usurpations "of the clergy. The general curiosity for new dis-"coveries, heightened either by just or imaginary "ideas of the treasures contained in the Greek and "Roman writers, excited all persons of leisure and "fortune to study the classics. The pedantry of "the present age was the politeness of the last." Of this pedantry he adduces a curious instance in the occupations of Queen Elizabeth, whose marvellous progress in the Greek nouns, is recorded with rapture by her preceptor Roger Ascham; and he might have found many similar examples in Anne Bullen, and other distinguished characters. But these efforts of patience and industry in the great, were perhaps necessary to encourage and preserve the general emulation of the learned. In a short time, all the treasures of Greek, Latin, and Italian literature were laid open to the public,

through the medium of translation. The former supplied our poetry with an inexhaustible fund of new and beautiful allusions: the latter afforded numberless stories taken from common life, in which variety of incident and ingenuity of contrivance were happily united. The genius which was destined to combine this mass of materials, could not fail to be called forth by the patronage of the court, by the incentive of general applause, and by the hopes of raising the literary glory of our nation to a level with that, which was the result of its political and military triumphs.

It must also be remembered that the English language was, at this time, much more copious, and consequently better adapted to poetry, than at any prior or subsequent period. Our vocabulary was enriched, during the first half of the sixteenth century, by almost daily adoptions from the learned languages; and though they were often admitted without necessity, and only in consequence of a blind veneration for the dignity of polysyllables, they must have added something to the expression, as well as to the harmony and variety of our language. These exotics however did not occasion the expulsion of the natives. Our vulgar tongue having become the vehicle of religion, was regarded, not only with national partiality, but with pious

reverence. Chaucer, who was supposed to have greatly assisted the doctrines of his contemporary, Wickliffe, by ridiculing the absurdities, and exposing the impostures, of the monks, was not only respected as the father of English poetry, but revered as a champion of reformation: and a familiar knowledge of his phraseology was considered, at least in the reign of Edward VI. as essential to the politeness of a courtier. I know them (says Wilson in his "Rhetorick") that think rhetorick to stand wholly upon dark words: and he that can catch an *ink-horn term* by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician.—He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated. *The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer.*" This, by the way, may serve to explain the cause of Spenser's predilection for a phraseology, which, though antiquated, was not either obsolete or unfashionable.

The whole *world of words*, therefore (to borrow an expression of one of our glossarists), was open to Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and the mode of employing its treasures, was left very much to their discretion. Criticism was in its infancy: this was the age of adventure and experiment,

undertaken for the instruction of posterity. Mr. Warton thinks he sees in the writers of this reign "a certain dignified inattention to niceties," and to this he attributes the "flowing modulation which "now marked the measures of our poets:" but there seems to be neither dignity nor inattention in deviating from rules which had never been laid down; and the modulation which he ascribes to this cause, is not less likely to have resulted from the musical studies, which at this time formed a part of general education. The lyrical compositions of this time, are so far from being usually marked with a faulty negligence, that excess of ornament, and laboured affectation, are their characteristic blemishes. Such as are free from conceit and antithesis are, in general, exquisitely polished, and may safely be compared with the most elegant and finished specimens of modern poetry.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

" I find none example in English metre so well maintaining " this figure (the Exargasia or the Gorgeous) as that ditty of " her Majesty's own making, passing sweet and harmoni- " cal.—And this was the reason: our sovereign Lady, " perceiving how by the Scotch queen's residence within " this realm, with so great liberty and ease as were scarce " meet for so great and dangerous a prisoner, bred secret " factions among her people, and made many of the nobi- " lity incline to favour her party: to declare that she was " nothing ignorant of those secret practises, though she " had long with great wisdom and patience, dissembled it, " writeth this ditty, most sweet and sententious," &c. Puttenham, Art of Poesy, 1589, p. 207.

### A DITTY.

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shew such snares as threaten mine annoy.
For falsehood now doth flow, and subject faith doth ebb;
Which would not be if reason ruled, or wisdom weav'd the web.

But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope supposed, the root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as shortly ye shall see.
Then dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood finds.
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port,
Our realm it brooks no strangers' force, let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest, shall first his edge employ,
To pull their tops that seek such change, and gape for joy.

## WEBSTER, ALIAS GEORGE PUTTENHAM,

Published "the Arte of English Poesie," contrived into three books, 1589. This writer has given us many specimens of his own poetry, with a view of exemplifying the rules he inculcates. The following short ditty is perhaps the best that can be selected as an example of his talents.

---

CRUEL you be, who can say nay;
Since you delight in other's woe:
Unwise am I, ye may well say,
For that I have honour'd you so:
But blameless I, who could not chuse
To be enchanted by your eye:
But ye to blame, thus to refuse
My service, and to let me die.

Puttenham speaks of himself as having been a scholar in Oxford; though whether he was bred there, Wood says he could not tell. He recites an anecdote which he remembered in the first year of Queen Mary's reign, and he quotes a passage from an eclogue entitled "Elpine," which he made at the age of 18, addressed to King Edward VI. This places the date of his birth before 1535. He was author of two interludes, "Lustie London," and "The Won," and a copious composer of Triumphals, &c. in honour of Queen Elizabeth; to whom he was a gentleman pensioner. His "Arte of Poesie" is recommended by Bolton, in his Hypercritica, as "elegant, witty, and artificial."

## EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, the seventeenth earl of Oxford, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an *old* man in 1604. It is therefore probable that he was not born later than 1534.

His poetical talents were much admired, or at least much extolled by his contemporaries: and such of his sonnets as are preserved in the Paradise of Dainty Devices are certainly not among the worst, although they are by no means the best, in that collection. One only (the Judgement of Desire) can be said to rise a little above mediocrity.

### PENITENT BEAUTY.

[From lord Oxford's works, Vol. I. p. 329.]

When I was fair and young, then favour graced me;
Of many was I sought their mistress for to be;
But I did scorn them all, and answer'd them therefore,
Go, go, go! seek some other-where, importune me no more!

How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe,
How many sighing hearts, I have not skill to show.

But I the prouder grew, and still thus spake therefore,
Go, go, go! seek some other-where, importune me no more!

Then spake brave Venus' son, that brave victorious boy,
Saying, "you dainty dame, for that you be so coy,
"I will so pull your plumes, as you shall say no "more—
"Go, go, go, seek some other-where, importune "me no more."

As soon as he had said, such care grew in my breast,
That neither night nor day I could take any rest,
Wherefore I did repent that I had said before,—
Go, go, go, seek some other-where, importune me no more!

## THE BIRTH OF DESIRE.

(From Breton's Bower of Delights, 1597.)

When wert thou born, Desire?
In pomp and pride of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
By good-conceit, men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse?
Fresh youth, in sugar'd joy.
What was thy meat and daily food?
Sore sighs, with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink?
Unfeigned lovers' tears.
What cradle were you rocked in?
In hope devoid of fears.

What brought you then asleep?
Sweet speech, that liked men best.
And where is now your dwelling place?
In gentle hearts I rest.

Doth company displease?
It doth in many a one.

Where would Desire then chuse to be?
He likes to muse alone.

What feedeth most your sight?
To gaze on favour still.
Who find you most to be your foe?
Disdain of my good will.

Will ever age or death
Bring you unto decay?
No, no: Desire both lives and dies
Ten thousand times a day.

## GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

" Among the lesser late poets (says Edmund Bolton, in his " Hypercritica) George Gascoigne's works *may be endured.*" Puttenham praises him for " a good metre and a plentiful " vein ;" and Nash says of him, that " he first beat the " path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired " to, since his departure." He is mentioned with praise by the editor of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry (Vol. II. p. 138); and Mr. Warton is of opinion that he " has much exceeded " all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of " versification."

His " Jocasta," in which he was assisted by Francis Kynwelmersh, is a very respectable performance : his " Supposes," a comedy translated from the Suppotiti of Ariosto, is distinguished by an uncommon ease and elegance of dialogue; but in his smaller poems he is certainly too diffuse, and full of conceit.

Gascoigne was educated at both universities ; studied at Gray's Inn ; quitted the law for the army, and served in the war in the Low Countries, and died in 1577, or 1578. If Wood's account be accurate, his birth may perhaps be placed about the year 1540 : but as he mentions his " crooked age and " hoary hairs," I suspect that he was born much earlier.

There are three collected editions of his poems, in 1572, 1575, and 1587, all of which are rare, and seldom found complete.

## A STRANGE PASSION OF A LOVER.

* * * * * *

I LAUGH sometimes with little lust;
So jest I oft, but feel no joye;
Mine ease is builded all on trust,
And yet mistrust breeds mine annoye.
I live and lack, I lack and have,
I have and miss the thing I crave.

* * * * * *

Then like the lark, that past the night
In heavy sleep with cares opprest,
Yet when she spies the pleasant light,
She sends sweet notes from out her breast:
So sing I now, because I think
How joys approach when sorrows shrink.

And as fair Philomele again
Can watch and sing when others sleep,
And taketh pleasure in her pain,
To wray the woe that makes her weep:
So sing I now, for to bewray
The loathsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my moan;
I pray God grant thee deep delight,
To live in joys when I am gone.
I cannot live; it will not be,
I die to think to part from thee.

---

### THE LULLABY OF A LOVER.

Sing lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child;
And, if I be not much beguil'd,
Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be still'd with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years:
It is now time to go to bed:
For crooked age, and hoary hairs,
Have won the haven with my head.
With lullaby then youth be still,
With lullaby content thy will;
Since courage quails, and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next, lullaby my gazing eyes,
  Which wonted were to glance apace;
For ev'ry glass may now suffice.
  To shew the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you efte with vain delight.

And lullaby, my wanton will,
  Let reason's rule now rein thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill,
  How dear I have thy fancies bought;
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease;
For, trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

* * * * * *

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
  My will, my ware, and all that was;
I can no more delays devise;
  But, welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive,
And, when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

## THE DOLE OF DESPAIR.

*Written by a Lover disdainfully rejected, contrary to former promises.*

I MUST alledge, and thou canst tell
How faithfully I vow'd to serve:
And how thou seem'dst to like me well;
And how thou saidst I did deserve
To be thy lord, thy knight, thy king,
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now, thou cruel one,
Condemn desert to deep despair?
Is all thy promise past and gone?
Is faith so fled into the air?
If that be so, what rests for me,
But thus, in song, to say to thee?

If Cressid's name were not so known,
And written wide on every wall;
If bruit of pride were not so blown
Upon Angelica withall;
For hault disdain, thou mightst be she;
Or Cressid for inconstancy.

And in reward of thy desert,
I hope at last to see thee paid
With deep repentance for thy part,
Which thou hast now so lewdly play'd;
Medoro, he must be thy make,
Since thou Orlando dost forsake.

## BARNABY GOOGE,

A celebrated translator, but of whose life no particulars are known, except that he was educated at Christ's college, Cambridge, from whence he removed to Staples Inn. Supposing him to have published his first work (Eclogues, &c.) at 25 years of age, he was born in 1538.

His principal work was the "Zodiak of Life," translated from Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus; a very moral but very tiresome satire, perfectly unconnected with astronomy, printed in 1565. In 1570 he translated, from Naogeorgus, a poem on Antichrist: in 1577, he did into English Herebach's œconomical treatise on Agriculture, &c.; in 1579, Lopes de Mendoza's Spanish Proverbs, and afterwards Aristotle's Categories.

His "Eclogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets, printed by Colwell, "for Ralph Newbery, 1563," was considered, by Mr. Steevens, as one of the rarest works in the English language; and the following extract from it, is certainly one of the happiest effusions of Googe's genius.

---

[*To the tune of "Apelles."*]

THE rushing rivers that do run,
The valleys sweet, adorned new,
That lean their sides against the sun,
With flowers fresh of sundry hue;

Both ash, and elm, and oak so high,
Do all lament my woful cry.

While winter, black with hideous storms,
  Doth spoil the ground of summer's green,
While spring-time sweet the leaf returns,
  That, late, on tree could not be seen;
While summer burns, while harvest reigns,
Still, still do rage my restless pains.

No end I find in all my smart,
  But endless torment I sustain;
Since first, alas, my woful heart
  By sight of thee, was forced to plain:
Since that I lost my liberty,
Since that thou madest a slave of me.

My heart, that once abroad was free,
  Thy beauty hath in durance brought;
Once, reason ruled and guided me,
  And now is wit consumed with thought.
Once, I rejoiced above the sky;
And now, for thee, alas, I die.

Once, I rejoiced in company;
  And now, my chief and whole delight

Is from my friends away to fly,
And keep, alone, my wearied spright.
Thy face divine, and my desire,
From flesh, hath me transform'd to fire.

O nature! thou that first didst frame
My lady's hair of purest gold;
Her face of chrystal to the same;
Her lips of precious rubies mould;
Her neck of alabaster white
Surmounting far each other wight;

Why didst thou not, that time, devise,
Why didst thou not foresee before,
The mischief that thereof doth rise,
And grief on grief doth heap with store,
To make her heart of wax alone,
And not of flint, and marble stone.

O lady! shew thy favour yet!
Let not thy servant die for thee;
Where rigour ruled, let mercy sit:
Let pity conquer cruelty!
Let not disdain, a fiend of hell,
Possess the place where grace should dwell.

## GEORGE TUBERVILLE,

One of the most celebrated sonneteers in this sonnet-making age, was born, probably, about 1540. Being of a respectable family, and having acquired an early reputation for talents, he was employed as secretary by Randolph, during his mission to Russia. Here he wrote to his friends, some very amusing poetical epistles, descriptive of the manners and customs of that country. They are to be found in Hakeluyt's Voyages, Vol. I. p. 384, &c. On his return he published a volume of "Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, and "Sonnets, 1567;" and in 1587, a set of "Tragical Tales." He also composed a translation of Ovid's Epistles, 1567, and of Mantuan's Eclogues, 1594.

His songs and sonnets are now extremely scarce; a circumstance which (if any excuse be thought necessary) will serve as an apology for the length of the following extracts.

*The Lover confesseth himself to be in love, &c.*

If banish'd sleep, and watchful care,
If mind, affright with dreadful dreams,
If torments rife, and pleasure rare,
If face besmear'd with often streams,
If change of cheer from joy to smart,
If alter'd hue from pale to red,

If falt'ring tongue with trembling heart,
If sobbing sighs with fury fed,
If sudden hope by fear oppress'd,
If fear by hope suppress'd again,
Be proofs, that love within the breast
Hath bound the heart with fancy's chain—
Then I, of force, no longer may
In covert keep my piercing blame,
Which ever doth itself bewray,
But yield myself to fancy's frame, &c.

---

*The Lover wisheth to be conjoined and fast linked with his Lady, never to sunder.*

I READ how Salmacis, sometime, with sight
On sudden loved Cyllenus' son, and sought
Forthwith, with all her pow'r, and forced might,
To bring to pass her close-conceived thought:
Whom as by hap she saw in open mead,
She sued unto, in hope to have been sped.

With sugar'd words she woo'd and spared no speech,
But bourded him with many a pleasant tale;
Requesting him, of ruth, to be her *leech*,[1]
For whom she had abid such bitter bale:

[1] Physician.

But he, replete with pride and scornful cheer,
Disdain'd her earnest suit and songs to hear.

Away she went; a woful, wretched wight,
And shrouded her, not far from thence, a space;
When that at length the stripling saw in sight
No creature there, but all were out of place,
He shifts his robes, and to the river ran,
And there to bathe himself, the boy began.

The nymph in hope as then to have attain'd
Her long-desired love, retired to flood,
And in her arms the naked *noory*[1] strain'd,
Whereat the boy began to strive *a-good*;[2]
But struggling nought availed in that plight,
For why? the nymph surpass'd the boy in might.

"O gods, (quoth *tho*[3] the girl) this gift I crave,
"This boy and I may never part again!
"But so our corpses may conjoined have,
"As one we may appear; not bodies twain."
The gods agreed; the water so it wrought,
As both were one; thy self would so have thought.

[1] A boy, probably from *nourisson*. Fr.
[2] In earnest.
[3] Then.

As from a tree we sundry times espy
A *twissell*[1] grow by nature's subtle might,
And, being two, for-cause they grow so nigh,
For one are ta'en, and so appear in sight:
So was the nymph and *noory* join'd *y-fere*,[2]
As two no more, but one self thing they were.

* * * * * * *

O! where is now become that blessed lake
Wherein those two did bathe to both their joy?
How might we do, or such provision make,
To have the hap as had the maiden-boy?
To alter form and shape of either kind,
And yet in proof of both a share to find?

Then should our limbs with lovely link be tied,
And hearts of hate no taste sustain at all:
But both, for aye, in perfect league abide,
And each to other live as friendly thrall:
That the one might feel the plagues the other had,
And partner be of ought that made him glad.

* * * * * * *

I would not strive, I would not stir a whit,
(As did Cyllenus' son, that stately wight),

[1] Double fruit. [2] Together.

But, well content to be hermaphrodite,
Would cling as close to thee as e'er I might:
And laugh to think my hap so good to be,
As in such sort fast to be link'd to thee.

---

*The assured promise of a constant Lover.*

When Phœnix shall have many *makes*,[1]
And fishes shun the silver lakes;
When wolves and lambs y-fere shall play,
And Phœbus cease to shine by day;
When grass on marble stone shall grow,
And every man embrace his foe;
When moles shall leave to dig the ground,
And hares accord with hateful hound;
When Pan shall pass Apollo's skill,
And fools of fancies have their fill;
When hawks shall dread the silly fowl,
And men esteem the nightish owl;
When pearl shall be of little price,
And golden virtue friend to vice;
When fortune hath no change in store,
Then will I false, and not before.
'Till all these monsters come to pass,
I am *Timetus*, as I was.

[1] Mates.

My love, as long as life shall last,
Not *forcing* any fortune's blast;
No threat, no thraldom shall prevail
To cause my faith one jot to fail;
But, as I was, so will I be,
A lover, and a friend to thee.

## SIR EDWARD DYER,

A poet whose lot has been rather singular. His name is generally coupled with that of Sir Philip Sidney, and of the most fashionable writers of the age; and yet Bolton, though almost a contemporary critic, professes "not to "have seen much of his poetry." Though a knight, in a reign when knighthood was nobility, the time of his birth is unknown.

Of six pieces, preserved in England's Helicon, only half of one, appeared worth transcribing, as a specimen of his style.

### TO PHILLIS THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS.

My Phillis hath the morning sun,
At first to look upon her;
And Phillis hath morn-waking birds,
Her risings still to honour.

My Phillis hath prime-feather'd flow'rs,
That smile when she treads on them;
And Phillis hath a gallant flock,
That leaps since she doth own them.

But Phillis hath too hard a heart;
Alas that she should have it!
It yields no mercy to desert,
Nor grace to those that crave it!——

## ROBERT GREEN,

Was born, perhaps, about 1550, and died in 1592. He is said to have been equally famous for his wit and profligacy; and his life forms a melancholy epocha in the history of our literature, if it be true, as the well-informed authors of the Biographia Dramatica have asserted, that he was the first English poet who *wrote for bread.* Not less than 35 different pamphlets, in most of which are interspersed small pieces of poetry, are ascribed to Green; and he was the undoubted author of five plays. The best account of his life was compiled by the late Mr. Steevens, from the MS. notes of Oldys; and is to be found in Berkenhout's "Bio-"graphia Literaria."

---

[*From his "Farewell to Folly,"* 1617.]

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in quiet slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house, that harbours quiet rest,
  The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country musick best,
  The sweet consort of mirth and musick's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content, both crown and kingdom is.

---

MELICERTUS'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

[From his "Arcadia," 1589.]

TUNE on my pipe the praises of my love,
  And, midst thy oaten harmony, recount
  How fair she is that makes thy musick mount,
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.

Shall I compare her form unto the sphere
  Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?
  Oh, more than that, by just compare is thine,
Whose chrystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear.

How oft have I descending Titan seen,
  His burning looks couch in the sea-queen's lap;
  And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap,
In watry robes, as he her lord had been?

When as my nymph, impatient of the night,
Bade bright Atreus with his train give place,
While she led forth the day with her fair face,
And lent each star a more than Delian light.

Not Jove, or nature (should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament
Of his mix'd purity) could not invent
A sky-born form so beautiful as she.

---

### THE PENITENT PALMER'S ODE.

[From "Never too Late," in two parts, 1600.]

Whilom, in the winter's rage,
A palmer old and full of age,
Sate, and thought upon his youth,
With eyes' tears, and heart's ruth,
Being all with cares y-blent,
When he thought on years mis-spent;
When his follies came to mind,
How fond love had made him blind,
And wrap'd him in a field of woes,
Shadowed with pleasure's shows;
Then he sigh'd, and said, "Alas,
"Man is sin, and flesh is grass.

" I thought my mistress' hairs were gold,
" And in her locks, my heart I fold:
" Her amber tresses were the sight
" That wrapped me in vain delight,
" Her ivory front, her pretty chin,
" Were stales that drew me into sin.
" Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,
" All her looks for love were meet;
" But love is folly: this I know:
" And beauty fadeth like to snow.
" Oh why should man delight in pride,
" Whose blossom like a dew doth glide!
" When these supposes touch'd my thought,
" That world was vain, and beauty nought,
" I gan to sigh, and say, alas,
" Man is sin, and flesh is grass!"

---

[*From the Orpharion*, 1599, 4*to*.]

CUPID abroad was 'lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain:
Harbour he sought: to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain,
I oped the door, and granted his desire;
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow, by the fire's flame
I spied his quiver hanging by his back;
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone, for fear of farther crack,
But what I drad, did me poor wretch betide—
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start;
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high;
His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugar'd smart;
Away he flew: for why, his wings were dry:
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I grieved, I harbour'd such a guest.

---

[*From the Philomela*, 1615.]

Sitting by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did, of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings.
I gan think how some men deem
Gold their God: and some esteem
Honour is the chief content,
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none like to a friend.

Others hold, there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said, all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss:
And in my thoughts I did approve
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love twixt lovers passeth these—
When mouth kisseth, and heart 'grees:
With folded arms, and lips meeting,
Each soul, another sweetly greeting!
For by the mouth the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugar'd thrall;
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin's blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love, with kisses kind.
But, if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No love is sweet but honesty!

## SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her summer-weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When, wash'd by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies move,
Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches fram'd of ebony;
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her brightest hue,
And Juno in the shew of majesty;
For she's Samela;
Pallas in wit: all three, if well you view
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

## ROBERT SOUTHWELL

Was born in 1560, and executed in 1595. His poems, all of which are on moral or religious subjects, are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced. It is remarkable, that the very few copies of his works which are now known to exist, are the remnant of at least seventeen different editions, of which eleven were printed between 1593 and 1600. The best account of this writer is to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for November, 1798.

### SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend.
Yet, higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy grey-hound still pursue the chace:
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race:

He that high growth, on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp the poor Mardochius wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe:
The Lazar pined, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heav'n, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

---

### TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The dryest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,
That net that holds no great, takes little fish:
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd:
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some: who most, hath never all.

## A VALE OF TEARS.

A VALE there is, enwrapt with dreadful shades,
Which thick of mournful pines shrowds from the sun,
Where hanging cliffs yield short and dumpish glades,
And snowy floods with broken streams do run.

Where eye-room is from rock to cloudy sky,
From thence to dales which stormy ruins shrowd,

Then, to the crushed water's frothy fry,
Which tumbleth from the tops where snow is *thow'd.*

Where ears of other sound can have no choice,
But various blustering of the stubborn wind,
In trees, and caves, in straits, with diverse noise,
Which now doth hiss, now howl, now roar by kind.

Where waters wrestle with encountering stones,
That break their stream, and turn them into foam,
The hollow clouds, full-fraught, with thundering groans,
With hideous thumps discharge their pregnant womb.

And, in the horror of this fearful quire,
Consists the musick of this doleful place:
All pleasant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heavy groans have any grace.

Resort there is of none but pilgrim wights,
That pass with trembling foot and panting heart,
With terror cast in cold and shuddering frights,
And all the place to terror framed by art.

Yet nature's work it is, of art untouch'd;
So strait indeed, so vast unto the eye,
With such disorder'd order strangely couch'd,
And so with pleasing horror low and high,

That who it views, must needs remain aghast
Much at the work; more at the maker's might;
And muse how nature such a plot could cast,
Where nothing seemed wrong, yet nothing right.

A place for mated minds, an only bower,
Where every thing doth sooth a dumpish mood:
Earth is forlorn: the cloudy sky doth lower:
The wind here weeps, here sighs, here cries aloud.

The struggling flood between the marble groans;
Then, roaring, beats upon the craggy sides;
A little off, amidst the pebble stones,
With bubbling streams a purling noise it glides.

The pines, thick set, high grown, and ever green,
Still clothe the place with shade and mourning veil;
Here, gaping cliffs, there moss-grown plain is seen:
Here hope doth spring, and there again doth quail.

Huge, massive stones, that hang by tickle stay,
Still threaten foul, and seem to hang in fear:
Some wither'd trees, asham'd of their decay,
Beset with green, and forced gray coats to wear.

Here, chrystal springs, crept out of secret vein,
Straight find some envious hole that hides their grain;
Here scared tufts lament the wants of grace,
There thunder-wrack gives terror to the place.

All pangs and heavy passions here may find
A thousand motives suiting to their griefs;
To feed the sorrows of their troubled mind,
And chace away dame pleasures vain reliefs.

To plaining thoughts the vale a rest may be,
To which from worldly toys they may retire,
Where sorrow springs from water, stone, and tree,
Where every thing with mourners doth conspire.

Sit here my soul! mourn streams of tears afloat,
Here all thy sinful foils alone recount;
Of solemn tunes make thou the dolefulst note,
That to thy ditties dolor may amount.

When echo doth repeat thy painful cries,
  Think that the very stones thy sins bewray;
And now accuse thee with their sad replies
  As heaven and earth shall in the latter day.

Let former faults be fuel of the fire,
  For Grief in limbeck of thy soul to still,
Thy pensive thoughts and dumps of thy desire,
  And vapour tears up to thy eyes at will.

Let tears be tunes and pains to plaints be prest,
  And let this be the burthen to thy song,
Come deep remorse! possess my sinful breast,
  Delights adieu! I harbour'd you too long!

## HUMFREY GIFFORD,

Of whom I know no more than that he was author of "A "Poesie of Gilliflowers, eche differing from other in colour "and odour, yet all sweete," London, 1580, 4to. b. l. This scarce volume contains prose translations from the Italian and French, and a collection of poems, devotional, moral, and narrative. Gifford wrote with great facility, as will appear from the following specimens.

---

*Something made of Nothing, at a Gentlewoman's request.*

Ye gladly would have me to make you some toy,
And yet will not tell me whereof I should write:
The strangeness of this doth breed me annoy,
And makes me to seek what things to indite.

If I should write rashly what comes in my brain,
It might be such matter as likes you not best:
And rather I would great sorrow sustain
Than not to fulfill your lawful request.

Two dangers most doubtful oppress me alike,
Ne am I resolved to which I might yield;

Wherefore, by perforce, I am forced to seek
This slender device to serve for my shield.

Since nothing ye give me to busy my brain,
No thing but your nothing of me can ye crave.
Wherefore now receive your nothing again;
Of nothing, but nothing, what else would ye have?

---

SONG.

A WOMAN'S face is full of wiles,
Her tears are like the crocadil:
With outward cheer on thee she smiles,
When in her heart she thinks thee ill.

Her tongue still chats of this and that,
Than aspine leaf it wags more fast;
And as she talks she knows not what,
There issues many a truthless blast.

Thou far dost take thy mark amiss,
If thou think faith in them to find;
The weather-cock more constant is,
Which turns about with every wind.

I know some pepper-nosed dame
  Will term me fool, and saucy jack,
That dare their credit so defame,
  And lay such slanders on their back:

What though on me they pour their spite:
  I may not use the gloser's trade,
I cannot say the crow is white,
  But needs must call a spade a spade.

---

### A DREAM.

Laid in my quiet bed to rest,
  When sleep my senses all had drown'd,
Such dreams arose within my breast
  As did with fear my mind confound.

Methought, I wander'd in a wood,
  Which was as dark as pit of hell;
In midst whereof such waters stood,
  That where to pass I could not tell.

The lion, tyger, wolf, and bear,
  There thunder'd forth such hideous cries,
As made huge echoes in the air,
  And seem'd almost to pierce the skies.

Long vex'd with care I there abode,
And to get forth I wanted power:
At every footstep that I trod
I fear'd some beast would me devour.

Abiding thus perplex'd with pain,
This case within myself I scan'd;
That human help was all in vain,
Unless the Lord with us do stand.

Then, falling flat upon my face,
In humble sort to God I pray'd,
That, in this dark and dreadful place,
He would vouchsafe to be mine aid.

Arising then, a wight with wings,
Of ancient years methinks I see:
A burning torch in hand he brings,
And thus began to speak to me:

"That God, whose aid thou didst implore,
"Hath sent me hither for thy sake:
"Pluck up thy sprites, lament no more,
"With me thou must thy journey take."

Against a huge and lofty hill,
With swiftest pace methinks we go:

Where such a sound mine ears did fill,
  As moved my heart to bleed for woe.

Methought I heard a woeful wight
  In doleful sort pour forth great plaints,
Whose cries did so my mind affright,
  That even with fear each member faints.

" Fie! (quoth my guide, what means this change?
  " Pass on apace, with courage bold:
" Hereby doth stand a prison strange,
  " Where wondrous things thou may'st behold.")

Then came we to a fort of brass,
  Where, peering through great iron grates,
We saw a woman sit, alas,
  Which ruthfully bewail'd her fates.

Her face was far more white than snow,
  And on her head a crown she *ware*,
Beset with stones, that glister'd so
  As thousand torches had been there.

Her song was " Woe! and wel-away!
  " What torments here do I sustain!"
A new mishap did her dismay
  Which more and more increased her pain.

An ugly creature, all in black,
Ran to her seat, and flang her down,
Who rent her garments from her back,
And spoil'd her of her precious crown.

This crown he placed upon his head;
And, leaving her in doleful case,
With swiftest pace away he fled;
And darkness came in all the place.

Then, quoth my guide, " Note well my talk,
" And thou shalt hear this dream declared:
" The wood, in which thou first didst walk,
" Unto the world may be compared.

" The roaring beasts plainly express
" The sundry snares in which we fall:
" This goal, is named Deep-distress,
" In which dame Virtue lies in thrall:

" She is the wight which here within
" So dolefully doth howl and cry:
" Her foe is called Deadly Sin,
" That proffer'd her this villainy.

" My name is Time, whom God hath sent
" To warn thee of thy soul's decay:

" In time, therefore, thy sins lament,
" Lest time from thee be ta'en away."

As soon as he these words had said,
With swiftest pace away he flies ;
And I thereat was so afraid,
That drowsy sleep forsook my eyes.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

This astonishing man, in whom almost every variety of talent, and all the acquirements of science, were united with heroic courage, and the most ardent spirit of enterprise, is classed by Puttenham among those poets "who have writ excellently "well, if their doings could be found out and made pub-"lic." These *doings*, however, have not been collected; and it must be confessed, that the authority on which some of the following specimens are assigned to this author, is not quite satisfactory.

Isaac Walton has informed us, that the reply to Marlowe's "*Passionate Shepherd*," was "made by Sir Walter Raleigh, "in his younger days;" and, as far as this poem is concerned, such testimony is certainly sufficient. But Mr. Warton observes, that this "Reply," which is found in *England's Helicon*, is there subscribed "Ignoto, *Raleigh's constant signature*;" and this latter assertion is denied by another very able critic, who contends that this signature was affixed by the *publisher*, who meant to express by it, his own ignorance of the author's name. Mr. Warton, however, had perhaps good reasons for his opinion, though he neglected to adduce them; and it is to be observed that in Mr. Steevens's copy of the *first* edition of the Helicon, the original signature was *W. R.*; the second subscription of *Ignoto* (which has been followed in the subsequent editions) being, rather awkwardly, *pasted* over it. That the fantastic denominations of Ignoto, Immerito, &c. were, like the devices of knights errant, inviolably preserved to the original occupant, is extremely doubtful; but it seems

scarcely worth while to reject even this slight designation of property, in cases where no other claim is brought forward.

---

### THE SHEPHERD TO THE FLOWERS.

[From England's Helicon.]

Sweet violets, Love's Paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched bear
Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind,
That plays amidst the plain!
If, by the favour of propitious stars you gain
Such grace, as in my lady's bosom, place to find,
Be proud to touch those places:
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,
You, honours of the flowery meads, I pray,
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
With mild and seemly breathing straight display
My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone!—

## A DEFIANCE TO DISDAINFUL LOVE.

[From the same Collection.]

Now have I learn'd with much ado, at last,
  By true disdain to kill desire;
This was the mark at which I shot so fast;
  Unto this height I did aspire.
Proud love, now do thy worst! and spare not;
For thee, and all thy shafts, I care not!

What hast thou left wherewith to move my mind?
  What life to quicken dead desire?
I count thy words and oaths as light as wind,
  I feel no heat in all thy fire.
Go! change thy bow, and get a stronger:
Go! break thy shafts, and buy thee longer!

In vain thou bait'st thy hooks with beauty's blaze,
  In vain thy wanton eyes allure:
These are but toys to them that love to gaze:
  I know what harm thy looks procure.
Some strange conceit must be devised,
Or those, and all thy arts, despised.

## AN HEROICAL POEM.

[From the same Collection.]

My wanton muse, that whilom used to sing
Fair beauty's praise, and Venus' sweet delight,
Of late had changed the tenor of her string
To higher tunes than serve to Cupid's fight:
Shrill trumpets' sound, sharp swords, and lances strong,
War, blood, and death, were matter of my song.

The god of love by chance had heard thereof,
That I was proved a rebel to his crown.
"Fit words for war! (quoth he, in angry scoff)
"A likely man to write of Mars's frown!
"Well are they sped, whose praises he shall write,
"Whose wanton pen can nought but love indite!"

This said, he whisk'd his party-colour'd wings;
And down to earth he comes, more swift than thought:
Then to my heart, in angry haste he flings,
To see what change these news of war had wrought.
He pries, he looks, he ransacks every vein,
Yet finds he nought, save love, and lover's pain.

Then I, that now perceived his needless fear,
With heavy smile began to plead my cause.
" In vain (quoth I) this endless grief I bear,
" In vain I strive to keep thy grievous laws,
" If after proof, so often trusty found,
" Unjust suspect condemn me as unsound.——

" My muse, indeed, to war inclines her mind;
" The famous acts of worthy Brute to write;
" To whom the gods this island's rule assign'd,
" Which long he sought by seas, through Nep-
" tune's spight.
" With such conceits my busy head doth swell,
" But in my heart nought else but love can dwell.

" And in this war thy part is not the least;
" Here shall my muse Brute's noble love declare;
" Here shalt thou see thy double love increas'd
" Of fairest twins that ever lady bare.
" Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright,
" His conquer'd arms shall be thy triumph's light.

" As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue;
" And I, thy glory through the world will ring:
" So, *by*[1] my pains, thou wilt consent to rue,
" And kill despair." With that he whisk'd his
wing,

[1] For?

And bade me write and promised wished rest;
But, sore I fear, false hope will be the best.

---

### THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood,
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply
Give every one the lie,

Tell me how much is wrought
In lucky points of moment:
Tell women she attempts
Herself in over wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell prayer of her weakness,
Tell skill it is prevention,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
Tell, virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

---

*The Nymph's Reply to the passionate Shepherd.*

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter's reckoning yield;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cup, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date—nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

---

DULCINA.

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lap to sleep an hour.

But from her look
A wound he took
So deep, that for a further boon
The nymph he prays:
Whereto she says,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
When lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay—
What boots to say,
Forego me now, come to me soon?

He demands, what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now?
She says, night gives love that leisure
Which the day doth not allow.
He says, the sight
Improves delight;
Which she denies; night's murky noon
In Venus' plays
Makes bold (she says);
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the sight
Of lingering night
Forego the present joys of noon?
Tho' ne'er so fair
Her speeches were,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

How at last agreed these lovers?
She was fair, and he was young;
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers,
Joys unseen are never sung.
Did she consent
Or he relent,
Accepts he night, or grants she noon,
Left he her a maid
Or not, she said
Forego me now, come to me soon.

## THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, must needs discover,
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
Who sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve,
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection.

I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing:

Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

---

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

"Shepherd, what's love? I pray thee, tell!"
It is that fountain, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell
That tolls us all to heav'n or hell;
And this is love, as I heard tell.

"Yet, what is love? I pray thee, say!"
It is a work on holiday;
It is December match'd with May,

When lusty bloods, in fresh array,
Hear, ten months after, of the play;
And this is love, as I hear say.

"Yet, what is love? good shepherd, saine?"
It is a sunshine mix'd with rain;
It is a tooth-ach, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain.
The lass saith, No, and would full fain!
And this is love, as I hear saine.

"Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?"
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away;
Then, nymphs, take 'vantage while ye may,
And this is love, as I hear say.

"Yet, what is love? good shepherd, show!"
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe;
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love I trow.

### VERSES FOUND IN HIS BIBLE.

EVEN such is time; which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have!
And pays us nought but age and dust,
Which, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

---

### IMITATION OF MARLOW.

COME live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar and the spreading vine,
And all the woods to be a skreen,
Lest Phebus kiss my summer's green.

The seat at your disport shall be,
Over some river, in a tree,
Where silver sands, and pebbles, sing
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play,
And how the satyrs spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly-tuned throats,
Possess wood's echo with sweet notes;
Which to your senses will impart
A music to inflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak,
The ring-dove's wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me, and do no less.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night,
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,

All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with more majesty.

Then in mine arms will I inclose
Lily's fair mixture with the rose;
Whose nice perfections in love's play
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus, as we pass the welcome night
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds

If these may serve for to entice
Your presence to love's paradise,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year.

## TIMOTHY KENDALL,

A student of Staples Inn. The following verses (from his "Flowers of Epigrams," 1577) are translated from Walter Haddon's Latin poems, 1567. Kendall thought it essential to the diffusion of matrimonial felicity, that such an epitome of the whole duty of married persons, should not be locked up in a learned language. The following specimens are inserted, not for their poetical merit, but on account of the curious picture of ancient manners, which they exhibit.

### PRECEPTS OF WEDLOCK.

#### THE HUSBAND'S REQUESTS.

My wife, if thou regard mine ease,
Pray to the Lord, him praise and please.
Displease not me (for any thing.)
Care how thy children up to bring.
Let still thine house be neat and fine:
Always provide for children thine.
Be merry, but with modesty,
Lest some men blame thy honesty.
Let manners thine be pleasant still;
With *Jacks* yet do not play the *Gill.*

Go in thy garments soberly,
Let no spot be thereon to spie.
Be merry, when that I am merry;
When I lower, sing not thou "*hey-derry*."
The man that liked is of me
Let him likewise be liked of thee.
That which I say in company
See thou refell not openly.
If ought I speak that likes not thee,
Thereof in secret 'monish me.
Whatso in secret I thee tell,
Reveal not, but conceal it well:
Think not strange wives do make me warm;
When I thee hurt, shew me thy harm.
Confess when-so thou dost offend;
Chide not to bed-ward when we wend.
Sleep slightly: rise betime, and pray:
When thou art dress'd, to work away!
Believe not all thing that is said:
Speak little, as becomes a maid.
In presence mine, dispute thou not:
Reply not: chat must be forgot.
The honest do associate still,
Loath living with the lewd and ill!
Let lewdness none, thy life afford,
Be always true of tongue and word;

Let shamefastness thy mistress be,
Do these, and wife come *cull* [1] with me.

---

THE WIFE'S ANSWER.

HUSBAND! if thou wilt pure appear,
(Even as thyself) then hold me dear.
So shalt thou please *Jehove* divine,
So shalt thou make me nourish mine.
See that our house, wherein we dwell,
Be handsome, wholesome, walled well:
And let us have what use requires.
Make servants sweat at work: not fires.
See that thy speech be mild and meek,
Of froward frumps be still to seek.
If thou wilt have me do for thee,
Then see thou likewise do for me.
If thou on thy friends do bestow,
Be liberal to my friends also.
For servants thine keep tauntings tart:
Admonish gently me apart:

[1] From *accoller*, Fr. to embrace. It is often written *coll*, to distinguish it from the more usual word *cull*, from *cueillir*.

And, when in sport some time I spend,
Do thou not sharply reprehend.
And when I joy with thee to jest,
In angry mood do not molest.
'Tis not enough that I love thee,
But something thou must make of me.
If I shall not of thee be jealous,
See thou cleave not to many fellows.
Though thou hast toiled out the day,
At night be merry yet alway.
Use never much abroad to roam,
But still keep close with me at home.
Thou saidst much, when thou wast a wooer,
Now we are coupled, be a doer.
Penelope if I shall be,
Then be Ulysses unto me.

## EDMUND SPENSER.

From the best information that can now be procured, it seems probable that Spenser was born about 1553, and died in 1598 or 1599. He was educated at Cambridge, which he quitted in 1576, and, retiring into the North, composed his "Shepherd's Calendar," the dedication of which seems to have procured him, his first introduction to Sir Philip Sydney. In 1579 he was employed by Leicester, to whom he had been recommended by Sydney, in some foreign commission. In 1580 he became secretary to lord Grey, of Wilton, then appointed lord deputy of Ireland, and in 1582 returned with him to England. In 1586 he obtained a grant of 3000 acres of land in the county of Cork, and in the following year took possession of his estate, where he generally continued to reside, till 1598, when, as Drummond relates, on the authority of Ben Jonson, his house was plundered and burnt by the Irish rebels, his child murdered, and himself with his wife driven, in the greatest distress, to England. It was in the course of the eleven years passed in Ireland, that he composed his Fairy Queen. If these dates be correct, it will follow that, notwithstanding the illiberal opposition of lord Burleigh, whose memory has been devoted to ignominy, by every admirer of Spenser, the period during which our amiable poet was condemned

> To fret his soul with crosses and with cares,
> To eat his heart with comfortless despairs,

was not very long protracted; since he began to enjoy the advantages of public office at the age of 26, and at 33 was

rewarded by an ample and independent fortune, of which he was only deprived, by a general and national calamity. Few candidates for court favour, with no better pretensions than great literary merit, have been so successful.

Mr. Warton has offered the best excuses that can be alleged for the defects of the Fairy Queen, ascribing the wildness and irregularity of its plan, to Spenser's predilection for Ariosto. But the Orlando Furioso, though absurd and extravagant, is uniformly amusing. We are enabled to travel to the conclusion of our journey without fatigue, though often bewildered by the windings of the road, and surprised by the abrupt change of our travelling companions; whereas it is scarcely possible to accompany Spenser's allegorical heroes to the end of their excursions. They want flesh and blood; a want for which nothing can compensate. The personification of abstract ideas, furnishes the most brilliant images of poetry; but these meteor forms, which startle and delight us when our senses are flurried by passion, must not be submitted to our cool and deliberate examination. A ghost must not be dragged into day-light. Personification protracted into allegory, affects a modern reader almost as disagreeably, as inspiration continued to madness.

This, however, was the fault of the age; and all that genius could do for such a subject, has been done by Spenser. His glowing fancy, his unbounded command of language, and his astonishing facility and sweetness of versification, have placed him in the very first rank of English poets. It is hoped that the following specimens, selected from his minor compositions, will be found to be tolerably illustrative of his poetical, as well as of his moral character.

The three first books of the Fairy Queen, were printed in quarto, 1590, and the three next in 1596.

SONNET.

MARK, when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me, whereto can ye liken it?
When, on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces, as in shade, to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sun-shine in summer's day,
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Come forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light, lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheer'd
With that sun-shine, when cloudy looks are clear'd.

SONNET.

LIKE as the Culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late:

So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love;
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful love.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight:
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
Dark is my day while her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

---

## THE BUTTERFLY.

[Extracted from the Muiopotmos.]

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide;
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassy fen's delights untried.
But none of these, however sweet they been
Mought please his fancy, nor him cause abide.
His choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens, his unstay'd desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites,
There, lavish nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
And art, with her contending, doth aspire
To excell the natural with made delights:
And all that fair or pleasant may be found
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
He casts his glutton sense to satisfy:
Now, sucking of the sap of herbs most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet:
And then he percheth on some bank thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

## THE LOVER'S PRAYER.

[From the Epithalamion.]

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend?
How slowly doth sad time his feathers move?
Haste thee! O fairest planet, to thy home,
Within the western foam:
Thy tired steeds, long since, have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening star, with golden crest,
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of love!
That all the host of heaven in ranks doth lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread;
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echoes
ring.

EXTRACT.

[From the " Ruins of Time."]

O VAIN world's glory, and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinful earth!
Which from their first, until their utmost date,
Taste no one hour of happiness or mirth;
But, like as at the in-gate of their birth,
They crying creep out of their mother's womb,
So wailing, back go to their woeful tomb.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labour, and long-lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain?
Sith all that in this world is great, or gay,
Doth, as a vapour, vanish and decay.

Look back who list unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits, and antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriours which did overcome

The world with conquest of their might and mind,
And made our most of the earth and of their
reign?—

High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave courts, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and rich imageries:
All these, O pity! now are rac'd to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.—

Where my high temples whilom used to stand,
On which the hardy falcon wont to tower,
There now is but a heap of lime and sand,
For the wrench owl to build her baleful bower:
And, where the nightingale wont frame to pour
Her restless plaints, to comfort wakeful lovers,
There now haunt yelling mews and wailing plovers.

O trustless state of miserable men!
That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly think yourselves half happy, when
When painted fame, with wicked flattering,
Doth lead on you, and your wide praises sing!
And when the counting maiden booteth low,
How true in heart and trusty to you trow!

All is but feigned, and with ochre dyed,
That every show'r will wash and wipe away;
All things do change that under heaven abide,
And, after death, all friendship doth decay:
Therefore, whatever man bear'st worldly sway,
Living, on God and on thyself rely;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

## JOHN LYLIE

Was born about 1553, and is supposed to have died about 1600. That he possessed considerable talents for poetry the following specimens will testify; but he is said to have gained the admiration of Queen Elizabeth's court, by the invention of a *new English*, a model of which he exhibited in two prose works called "Euphues and his England," &c. London, 1580, and "Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit, &c." 1581.

It is to be supposed that this strange and barbarous jargon, the obscurity of which no human intellect is able to pierce, was adopted by the fashionable beauties of that Virgin-court for the purpose of shielding their virtue from the addresses of importunate ignorance.

Lylie wrote some plays, six of which were republished by Blount, in 1632, under the title of "Six Court Comedies." From this publication the following extracts are taken.

### SONG.

[In Alexander and Campaspe.]

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail!
Oh 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,
Poor Robin red-breast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring,

---

SONG.

[In the same.]

O FOR a bowl of fat Canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy;
O these draughts would make us merry!

O for a wench (I deal in faces
And in other daintier things),
Tickled am I with her embraces;
Fine dancing in such fairy rings.

O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney;

None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

CHORUS.

Wines indeed, and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood.
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
Jove would leap down to surfeit here.

---

## CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

[From the same.]

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how,)
With these the chrystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me!

## SONG.

[From " Gallathea."]

O YES! O yes! if any maid
Whom leering Cupid has betray'd
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
The boy in pieces; let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

O yes! O yes! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost!
Is any cozen'd of a tear
Which, as a pearl, Disdain does wear?
Here stands the thief; let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

Is any one undone by fire,
And turn'd to ashes through desire?
Did ever any lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep,
Stol'n by sick thoughts? the pirate's found,
And in her tears he shall be drown'd.
Read his indictment: let him hear
What he's to trust to: Boy, give ear.

### SONG.

[In Sappho and Phaon.]

O CRUEL love! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day:
Never may sleep, with velvet hand,
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand!
Thy jailors shall be hopes and fears,
Thy prison-mates, groans, sighs, and tears;
Thy play (to wear out weary times)
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhimes.
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,—
* * * * * *
Hope, like thy fool, at thy bed's head,
Mock thee, 'till madness strike thee dead;
As, Phaon, thou dost me with thy proud eyes:
In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she dies.

---

### VULCAN'S SONG.

[In the same.]

MY shag-hair'd Cyclops, come, let's ply
Our Lemnian hammers lustily:
By my wife's sparrows,
I swear these arrows

Shall singing fly
Through many a wanton's eye.
These headed are with golden blisses,
These silver ones feather'd with kisses,
But this of lead
Strikes a clown dead,
When in a dance
He falls into a trance,
To see his black-brow lass not buss him,
And then whines out for death t' entruss him.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The anecdotes of the short, but brilliant life of this accomplished man, to whose patronage our literature owes so many obligations, are too well known to require any notice in this place. Considered as a poet, he was certainly too much infected with that fondness for conceit and antithesis, which the example of the Italian writers had rendered fashionable; but this fault in him, was evidently the effect of imitation, not of character; and is often compensated by real wit, and elegance, and facility. His amatory poems are not whining lamentations about the perfections and cruelty of an ideal paragon, but are lively, dramatic, and descriptive of real passion.

The Arcadia, if considered as a romance, is tiresome and uninteresting; so that few readers have the patience to search for the many curious and many animated descriptions, the acute observations, and just sentiments, with which it abounds, and which induced Sir William Temple to describe this author as "the greatest poet, and the noblest genius of "any that have left writings in our own, or any modern "language."

The first edition of the Arcadia appeared in 1590, and the second in 1593. The Defence of Poesy, which, in the modern edition, is printed with it, and which is valuable as a most judicious and early piece of criticism, was first published in 1595.

Sir Philip Sidney was born the 29th of November, 1554, and died of a wound received before Zutphen, on the 22d of Sept. 1586.

SONNET.

FAINT amorist! what, dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that darest not venture
In Charon's barge? a lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind!

He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent, is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come.

Is she sick? why then be sure,
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with "No?"
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.

Doth she call the faith of men
In question? nay, she loves thee then;
And if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hit'st her not.

He that, after ten denials,
Dares attempt no farther trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

---

SONNET.

In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfum'd, with flow'rs fresh growing,
Astrophel, with Stella sweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet;
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.
Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had alas, the while!
But now tears themselves did smile;
* * * * * *
Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woes were glad sighs mix'd;
* * * * * *
Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue would afford.

" Stella! whose voice, when it singeth,
" Angels to acquaintance bringeth;
" Stella, in whose body is
" Writ each character of bliss;
" In whose face all beauty passeth,
" Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth;
" Grant—O grant—but speech, alas!
" Fails me, fearing on to pass—
" Grant—O dear! on knees I pray,
" (Knees on ground he then did stay)
" That not I, but, since I love you,
" Time and place for me may move you!
" Never season was more fit,
" Never room more apt for it!
" Smiling air allows my reason,
" The birds sing, ' now use the season,'
" This small wind, which so sweet is,
" See how it the leaves doth kiss;

" And, if dumb things be so witty,
" Shall a heavenly grace want pity?"

There, his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.
Then she spake; her speech was such
As not ear but heart did touch;
While in suchwise she love denied
As yet love she signified.

" Astrophel! (said she) my love,
" Cease in these effects to prove.
" Now be still; yet, still believe me,
" Thy grief more than death would grieve me.
" If that any thought in me
" Can taste comfort, but of thee;
" Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
" Joyless, helpless, endless languish!
" If those eyes you praised, be
" Half so dear, as you to me,
" Let me home return stark-blinded
" Of those eyes, and blinder minded!
" If to secret of my heart,
" I do any wish impart,

" Where thou art not foremost placed,
" Be both wish and I defaced.

" If more may be said, I say
" All my life in thee I lay:
" If thou love, my love content thee;
" For, all love, all faith is meant thee;
" Trust me, while I thee deny,
" In myself the smart I try.
" Tyrant honour doth thus use thee,
" Stella's self might not refuse thee.
" Therefore, dear, this no more move,
" Lest, (though I leave not thy love,
" Which too deep in me is framed)
" I should blush when thou art named."

Therewithal, away she went,
Leaving him by passion rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

SONNET.

ONLY joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care;
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward, for sharpest pain.
Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealousy itself doth sleep.
Take me, &c.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke to loose, or bind:
These sweet flow'rs on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo.
Take me, &c.

* * * * * *

That you heard was but a mouse:
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house:

Yet, asleep, methinks they say,
" Young folks, take time while you may."
Take me, &c.

* * * * * *

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out, and curtains spread:
She thinks you do letters write;
Write, but let me first indite.
Take me, &c.

Sweet (alas!) why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us;
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your pow'r in your beauty stands.
Take me, &c.

Woe to me! and do you swear
Me to hate? but I forbear!
Cursed be my destin's all,
That brought me to so high a fall!
Soon with my death I will please thee.—
No! no! no! no! my dear, let be!

SONNET.

Because I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use such colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;

The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them, who in their lips love's standards bear
Where he? (say they of me) now dare I swear
He cannot love! No, no; let him alone.

And think so still! so Stella know my mind;
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art:
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart:

Dumb swans, not chirping pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

SONG.

" Who is it that this dark night,
" Underneath my window plaineth?"
It is one, who from thy sight,
Being (ah!) exil'd, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

" Why, alas! and are you he?
" Be not yet these fancies changed?"
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

* * * * * *

" What if ye new beauties see?
" Will not they stir new affection?"
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like of saint-perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

* * * * * *

" Peace! I think that some give ear;
" Come no more, lest I get anger."
Bliss! I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbour there.

" Well, begone; begone, I say,
" Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you."
O! unjust is Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away!

## A TALE.

[Vide Pembroke's Arcadia, p. 705, octavo edit.]

A NEIGHBOUR mine not long ago there was,
But nameless he, for blameless he shall be,
That married had a trick and bonny lass,
As in a summer day a man might see:
But he himself a foul unhandsome groom,
And far unfit to hold so good a room.

Now, whether moved with self unworthiness,
Or with her beauty, fit to make a prey,
Fell jealousy did so his brain oppress,
That, if he absent were but half a day,
He guest the worst: (you wot what is the worst,
And in himself new doubting causes nurst.)

While thus he fear'd the silly innocent,
Who yet was good, because she knew none ill,

Unto his house a jolly shepherd went,
To whom our prince did bear a great good will;
Because in wrestling, and in pastoral,
He far did pass the rest of shepherds all.

And therefore he a courtier was benamed;
And as a courtier was with cheer received;
(For they have tongues to make a poor man blamed
If he to them his duty misconceived)
And, for this courtier should well like his table,
The good man bade his wife be serviceable.

And so she was, and all with good intent:
But few days past, while she good manner used,
But that her husband thought her service bent
To such an end as he might be abused;
Yet, like a coward, fearing stranger's pride,
He made the simple wretch his wrath abide.

With chumpish looks, hard words, and secret nips,
Grumbling at her when she his kindness sought,
Asking her how she tasted courtiers' lips,
He forc'd her to think that she never thought.
In fine, he made her guess there was some sweet
In that which he so fear'd that she should meet.

When once this enter'd was in woman's heart,
  And that it had inflam'd a new desire,
There rested then to play a woman's part;
  Fuel to seek, and not to quench the fire.
But (for his jealous eye she well did find)
She studied cunning how the same to blind.

And thus she did. One day to him she came,
  And, though against his will, on him she leaned,
And out gan cry, " Ah, well-away for shame!
  " If you help not, our wedlock will be stained!"
The good man, starting, ask'd what did her move?
She sigh'd, and said the bad guest sought her love.

He, little looking that she should complain
  Of that, whereto he fear'd she was inclin'd;
Bussing her oft, and in his heart full fain,
  He did demand what remedy to find;
How they might get that guest from them to wend,
And yet, the prince that loved him not offend.

" Husband," quoth she, " go to him by and by,
  " And tell him you do find I do him love:
" And therefore pray him, that of courtesy
  " He will absent himself, lest he should move
" A young girl's heart to that were shame for both:
" Whereto you know his honest heart were loth.

" Thus shall you show that him you do not doubt,
" And as for me, sweet husband, I must bear !"
Glad was the man when he had heard her out,
And did the same, although with mickle fear;
For fear he did, lest he the young man might
In choler put, with whom he would not fight.

The courtly shepherd, much aghast at this,
Not seeing erst such token in the wife,
Though full of scorn, would not his duty miss,
Knowing that ill becomes a household strife,
Did go his way; but sojourn'd near thereby,
That yet the ground thereof he might espy.

The wife, thus having settled husband's brain,
Who would have sworn his spouse Diana was,
Watched when she a farther point might gain,
Which little time did fitly bring to pass:
For to the court her man was call'd by name,
Whither he needs must go for fear of blame.

Three days before that he must sure depart,
She written had, but in a hand disguised,
A letter such, which might from either part
Seem to proceed, so well it was devised;
She seal'd it first, then she the sealing brake,
And to her jealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weep)
She told him that the courtier had it sent:
" Alas," quoth she, " thus women's shame doth
creep !"
The good man read, on both sides, the content:
It title had " unto my only love :"
Subscription was, " yours most, if you will prove."

Th' epistle self such kind of words it had :—
" My sweetest joy ! the comfort of my sprite,
" So may thy flocks increase, thy dear heart glad,
" So may each thing, e'en as thou wishest, light,
" As thou wilt deign to read, and gently read,
" This mourning ink, in which my heart doth bleed.

" Long have I loved, alas thou worthy art !
" Long have I loved, alas love craveth love ;
" Long have I loved thyself, alas my heart
" Doth break, now tongue unto thy name doth
move !
" And think not that thy answer answer is,
" But that it is my doom of bale or bliss.

" The jealous wretch must now to court be gone :
" Ne can he fail, for prince hath for him sent :
" Now is the time we may be here alone,
" And give a long desire a sweet content.

" Thus shall you both reward a lover true,
" And eke revenge his wrong-suspecting you."

And this was all, and this the husband read
With chafe enough, till she him pacified;
Desiring that no grief in him be bred,
Now that he had her words so truly tried:
But that he would to him the letter show,
That with his fault he might her goodness know.

That straight was done; with many a boistrous threat
That to the king he would his sin declare;
But now the courtier gan to smell the feat,
And, with some words that shewed little care,
He staid until the good man was departed;
Then gave he him the blow that never smarted.

Thus may you see the jealous wretch was made
The pandar of the thing he most did fear:
Take care, therefore, how you ensue that trade:
Lest the same marks of jealousy you bear:
For sure, no jealousy can that prevent,
Whereto two parties once be full content.

## A DITTY.

[From Puttenham's Art of Poesy.]

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides.
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

## LORD BROOK.

Fulk Greville, lord Brook, was born at Alcaster, in Warwickshire, A. D. 1554, and introduced very early to the court of Elizabeth, with whom he effectually ingratiated himself; and though, like all her favourites, he had often reason to complain of her political coquetry, and was disappointed by her caprice, in his projects of obtaining military distinction, he was rewarded by her, with many important and lucrative employments. He had also the address to acquire and preserve the favour of her successors, James and Charles, by the former of whom he was created lord Brook, in 1620. He was at last assassinated by one of his own retainers, Ralph Heywood, and died of the wound on the 30th of September, 1628.

Lord Brook, like his friend and relation Sir P. Sidney, was a liberal patron of literature; and his poetry, particularly his *matchless* Mustapha (as Bolton calls it), was much admired by his contemporaries.

---

I, WITH whose colours Myra drest her head,
I, that wore posies of her own hand-making,
I, that mine own name in the chimnies read,
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking,
Must I look on, in hope time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to play?

I that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flow'rs,
Which I to wear about mine arm was wont,
That each of us might know that all was ours,
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes, her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named,
Must I lose, ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs till dead love be awaked?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like jealousy o'er-watched by desire,
Was ever warned modesty to keep,
While her breath speaking kindled nature's fire,
Must I look on a-cold while others warm them?
Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

* * * * * *

## SONG.

Away with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep,
In love of those that lye asleep;
For Cupid is a meadow god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like destiny,
Do causeless good or ill decree;
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go.
What fools are they that have not known
That love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays,
On every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same:
Where honour Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his.

* * * * *

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, that is the bow of love;
And love as well thee foster can
As can the mighty nobleman.
  Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be,
  Yet, without love, nought worth to me!

---

### THE DREAM.

My senses all, like beacon's flame,
  Gave alarum to desire,
To take arms in Cynthia's name,
  And set all my thoughts on fire.

* * * * *

Up I start, believing well
  To see if Cynthia were awake;
Wonders I saw, who can tell?
  And thus unto myself I spake:

Sweet god, Cupid, where am I?
  That by pale Diana's light,
Such rich beauties do espy
  As harm our senses with delight.

Am I borne up to the skies?
  See where Jove and Venus shine,
Shewing in her heavenly eyes
  That desire is divine.

* * * * *

I stept forth to touch the sky,
  I a god by Cupid's dreams,
Cynthia, who did naked lie,
  Runs away, like silver streams.

Leaving hollow banks behind,
  Who can neither forward move;
Nor, if rivers be unkind,
  Turn away, or leave to love.

* * * * *

There stand I, like men that preach
  From the execution-place,
At their death content to teach
  All the world with their disgrace.

He that lets his Cynthia lie
  Naked on a bed of play,
To say prayers ere she die,
  Teacheth time to run away.

Let no love-desiring heart
  In the stars go seek his fate,
Love is only nature's art,
  Wonder hinders love and hate.

* * * * *

## NICHOLAS BRETON,

A poet of whose life no anecdotes remain, unless he be pointed out in a passage transcribed by the late Mr. Steevens, from "Bridges's Northamptonshire, p. 81." This states, that a person of this name, son to Capt. John Breton, of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, after serving in the Low-countries, under Dudley earl of Leicester, retired to an estate which he had purchased at Norton, in Northamptonshire, where he died in 1624. Breton was probably born about the middle of the sixteenth century (perhaps about 1555), because his *second* work, "the Works of a Young Wit," (from which two of the following specimens were selected) was published in 1577.

In p. 321 of the new edition of the "Theatrum Poetarum," is contained the epitaph of another Nicholas Breton, who died on the 4th of June, 1658.

### A FAREWELL TO TOWN.

SINCE secret spite hath sworn my woe,
And I am driven by destiny
Against my will, God knows, to go
From place of gallant company,
And, in the stead of sweet delight,
To reap the fruits of foul despite:

As it hath been a custom long,
To bid farewell when men depart,
So will I sing this solemn song,
Farewell, to some, with all my heart:
But those my friends: but to my foes,
I wish a nettle in their nose.

I wish my friends their hearts' content:
My foes, again, the contrary:
I wish myself, the time were spent,
That I must spend in misery:
I wish my deadly foe, no worse
Than want of friends, and empty purse.

But, now my wishes thus are done,
I must begin to bid farewell.
With friends and foes I have begun,
And therefore, now I cannot tell,
Which first to chuse, or ere I part,
To write a farewell from my heart.

First, place of worldly paradise,
Thou gallant court, to thee farewell!
For froward fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight!
Untoward fortune now so frames,
That I am banish'd from your sight,
And, in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Gill.

Now next my gallant youths farewell;
My lads that oft have cheer'd my heart!
My grief of mind no tongue can tell,
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some odd lobcock ass!

And now farewell thou gallant lute,
With instruments of musick's sounds;
Recorder, citern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds;
I now must leave you all indeed,
And make some musick on a reed.

And now you stately stamping steeds,
And gallant geldings fair, adieu!
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you:
And on a strawen pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit.

And now farewell both spear and shield,
Caliver, pistol, arquebuse,
See, see, what sighs my heart doth yield
To think that I must leave you thus;
And lay aside my rapier-blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade.

And you farewell, all gallant games,
*Primero*, and *Imperial*,
Wherewith I used, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withall:
I now must learn some country plays
For ale and cakes on holidays!

And now farewell each dainty dish,
With sundry sorts of sugar'd wine:
Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine;
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and cheese.

And now, all orders due, farewell:
My table laid when it was noon;
My heavy heart it irks to tell
My dainty dinners all are done.
With leeks and onions, whig and whey,
I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,
With jewels rich, of rare device;
Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,
I must go range in woodman's wise;
Clad in a coat of green or grey,
And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu
To every dram of sweet delight,
In place where pleasure never grew,
In dungeon deep of foul despite,
I must, ah me! wretch, as I may,
Go sing the song of welaway!

---

[*Abridged from* 39 *stanzas.*]

Not long ago, as I at supper sat,
Whereas indeed I had exceeding cheer,
In order served, with store of this and that,
With flaggons fill'd with wine, and ale, and beer,
I did behold, (that well set out the rest!)
A troop of dames in brave attire addrest.—

Now gan I guess, by outward countenance,
The disposition of each dainty dame:

And though, perhaps, I missed some by chance,
I hit some right, I do not doubt the same.
But shall I tell of each one what I guest?
No fie! for why, fond tattling breeds unrest.

But let them be such as they were: by chance
Our banquet done, we had our musick by,
And then, you know, the youth must needs go dance,
First, *galliards;* then *larousse;* and *heidegy;*
" Old lusty gallant;" " all flow'rs of the bloom;"
And then a hall! for dancers must have room.

And to it then; with set, and turn about,
Change sides, and cross, and mince it like a hawk;
Backwards and forwards, take hands then, in and out;
And, now and then, a little wholesome talk,
That none could hear, close rowned in the ear;
Well! I say nought: but much good sport was there.

Then might my minion hear her mate at will:
But, God forgive all such as judge amiss!
Some men, I know, would soon imagine ill,
By secret spying of some knavish kiss:

But let them leave such jealousy for shame!
Dancers must kiss: the law allows the same.

And, when friends meet, some merry sign must pass;
Of welcoming unto each other's sight:
And for a kiss that's not so much, alas!
Dancers, besides, may claim a kiss of right,
After the dance is ended, and before.
But some will kiss upon kiss: that goes sore.

But what? I had almost myself forgot
To tell you on of this same gentle crew;
Some were, alas, with dancing grown so hot,
As some must sit; while other danced anew:
And thus forsooth our dancing held us on
Till midnight full; high time for to be gone.

But to behold the graces of each dame!
How some would dance as though they did but walk;
And some would trip, as though one leg were lame;
And some would mince it like a sparrow-hawk;
And some would dance upright as any bolt;
And some would leap and skip like a young colt!

And some would fidge, as though she had the itch;
And some would bow half crooked in the joints;
And some would have a trick; and some a twitch;
Some shook their arms, as they had hung up 'points:
With thousands more that were too long to tell,
But made me laugh my heart sore, I wot well.

But let them pass: and now "sir we must part;
"I thank you, sir, for my exceeding cheer."—
"Welcome (quoth the good man) with all my heart:
"In faith the market serves but ill to year,
"When one could not devise more meat to dress."—
Jesus! (thought I) what means this foolishness?

But let that pass.—Then, parting at the door,
Believe me now, it was a sport to see
What stir there was, who should go out before.
Such curtsies low, with "Pray you pardon me"—
"You shall not chuse"—"In faith you are to
"blame."—
Goodsooth! (thought I) a man would think the same!

Now being forth (with much ado) at last,
Then part they all; each one unto their house;

And who had mark'd the pretty looks that past
From privy friend unto his pretty mouse,
Would say with me, at twelve o'clock at night,
It was a parting, trust me, worth the sight.

But let them part, and pass in God his name!
God speed them well, I pray, and me no worse!
Some are gone home with dancing almost lame;
And some go light by means of empty purse:
And, to be short, home goeth every one,
And home go I unto my lodge alone.

## A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORYDON.

[From England's Helicon.]

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befal the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bow'r there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
  She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
  And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this face admire?
  Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
  Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
  One good look, and I am gone:
Look on me, for I am he,
  The poor silly Corydon.

Thou, that art the shepherd's queen,
  Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
  Dead men brought to life again.

## PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

[From the same.]

In the merry month of may,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing,
Forth I yode, forsooth, a maying,
When anon, by a wood side,
Where that May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon,
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love, and she would not;
She said, never man was true;
He says, none was false to you.
He said, he had lov'd her long;
She says, love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She says, maids must kiss no men,
Till they do for good and all;
When she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never lov'd a truer youth;
Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,

Such as seely shepherds use
When they will not love abuse;
Love that had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

---

## THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

[From the same.]

Good muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony:
This weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone a while,
Thou seest my heaviness:
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That lov'd to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colours leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

The black-bird and the thrush,
That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest, are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
The herbs have lost their savour;
And Phillida the fair hath lost
For me her wonted favour.

Thus all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That now to hope upon delights
It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet muse,
That know'st what help is best,

Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend;
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrows end.

---

### A QUARREL WITH LOVE.

[From his Melancholick Humours.]

Oh that I could write a story
Of love's dealing with affection!
How he makes the spirit sorry
That is touch'd with his infection.

But he doth so closely wind him,
In the plaits of will ill-pleased,
That the heart can never find him
Till it be too much diseased.

Tis a subtle kind or spirit,
Of a venom-kind of nature,
That can, like a coney-ferret,
Creep un-wares upon a creature.

Never eyë that can behold it,
Though it worketh first by seeing;
Nor conceit that can unfold it,
Though in thoughts be all its being.

Oh! it maketh old men witty,
Young men wanton, women idle,
While that patience weeps, for pity
Reason bite not nature's bridle.

What it is, in conjecture;
Seeking much, but nothing finding;
Like to fancy's architecture,
With illusions reason blinding.

Yet, can beauty so retain it,
In the profit of her service,
That she closely can maintain it
For her servant chief on office?

In her eye she chiefly breeds it;
In her cheeks she chiefly hides it;
In her servant's faith she feeds it,
While his only heart abides it.

## ON THE DEATH OF SPENSER.

Mournful Muses, sorrow's minions,
Dwelling in despair's opinions,
Ye, that never thought invented
How a heart may be contented—
(But, in torments all distressed,
Hopeless how to be redressed,
All with howling, and with crying,
Live in a continual dying)—
  Sing a dirge on Spenser's death,
  Till your souls be out of breath.

Bid the dunces keep their dens,
And the poets break their pens;
Bid the shepherds shed their tears,
And the nymphs go tear their hairs;
Bid the scholars leave their reading,
And prepare their hearts for bleeding;
Bid the valiant and the wise
Full of sorrows fill their eyes;
  All for grief that he is gone
  Who did grace them every one.

Farewel, art of poetry,
Scorning idle foolery;

Farewel, true-conceited reason,
Where was never thought of treason;
Farewel judgment, with invention
To describe a heart's intention;
Farewel wit, whose sound and sense
Shew a poet's excellence;
Farewel, all in one together,
And with Spenser's garland wither.

---

*A sweet Contention between Love, his Mistress, and Beauty.*

Love and my mistress were at strife
Who had the greatest pow'r on me:
Betwixt them both, oh, what a life!
Nay, what a death is this to be!

She said, she did it with her eye;
He said he did it with his dart;
Betwixt them both (a silly wretch!)
'Tis I that have the wounded heart.

She said, she only spake the word
That did enchant my peering sense;

He said, he only gave the sound
That enter'd heart without defence.

She said, her beauty was the mark
That did amaze the highest mind;
He said, he only made the mist,
Whereby the senses grew so blind.

She said, that, only for her sake,
The best would venture life and limb:
He said, she was too much deceiv'd;
They honour'd her, because of him.

Long while, alas, she would not yield,
But it was she that rul'd the roast;
Until, by proof, she did confess,
If he were gone, her joy was lost.

And then she cried "Oh, dainty love,
"I now do find it is for thee,
"That I am lov'd and honour'd both,
"And thou hast power to conquer me."

But, when I heard her yield to love,
Oh! how my heart did leap for joy!
That now I had some little hope
To have an end to mine annoy!

But, as too soon, before the field,
  The trumpets sound the overthrow,
So all too soon I joy'd too much,
  For I awaked, and nothing so.

## THOMAS LODGE;

Born, probably, about 1556, and entered of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1574. Though much admired for his classical learning, and poetical talents, he wisely embraced the more useful profession of physic. This he studied at Avignon, obtained a diploma, returned to England; and, partly by his skill, and partly by the favour of the Roman Catholics, to whose persuasion he was attached, soon rose into notice, and obtained considerable practice. He wrote a play, called "Promos and Cassandra," and various poems, many of which have considerable merit. The two first of the following specimens are from the "Pleasant Historie of Glaucus and Scilla, &c." 1610. He died in 1625.

### EXTRACT.

[From a Poem in commendation of a solitary Life.]

SWEET solitary life, thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heav'n aright;
In thee no dread of war or worldly foes;
In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight;
In thee no wanton ears, to win with words,
Nor lurking toys, which city-life affords.

At peep of day, when, in her crimson pride,
The morn bespread with roses all the way,
Where Phœbus' coach, with radiant course, must glide,
The hermit bends his humble knees to pray:
Blessing that God, whose bounty did bestow
Such beauties on the earthly things below.

Whether, with solace tripping on the trees,
He sees the citizens of forest sport;
Or, midst the wither'd oak, beholds the bees
Intend their labour with a kind consort;
Down drop his tears, to think how they agree,
While men alone with hate inflamed be.

Taste he the fruits that spring from Tellus' womb,
Or drink he of the chrystal spring that flows,
He thanks his God; and sighs their cursed doom
That fondly wealth in surfeiting bestows:
And, with St. Jerome, saith, "the desart is
"A paradise of solace, joy, and bliss."

Father of Light! thou Maker of the Heav'n!
From whom my being-well, and being, springs,
Bring to effect this, my desired steaven,
That I may leave the thought of worldly things!
Then, in my troubles, will I bless the time
My muse vouchsafed me such a lucky rhyme.

THE earth, late choak'd with showers,
Is now array'd in green;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen,
The heavens laugh at her glory;
Yet bide I sad and sorry!

The woods are deck'd with leaves,
And trees are clothed gay,
And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play;
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices;
And chant, in their degrees,
Their loves and lucky choices;
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs my arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have:

They free, I thrall: they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

---

[*From "the Phœnix Nest."*]

Now I find thy looks were feign'd,
Quickly lost, and quickly gain'd;
Soft thy skin, like wool of wethers,
Heart unstable, light as feathers;
Tongue untrusty, subtle-sighted,
Wanton will, with change delighted;
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason

Of thine eyes I made my mirror;
From thy beauty came mine error:
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy smiles I deemed pity;
Thy false tears, that me aggrieved,
First of all my heart deceived;
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason!

Feign'd acceptance, when I ask'd,
Lovely words, with cunning mask'd,

Holy vows, but heart unholy;
Wretched man! my trust was folly!
What shall guide me in this durance,
Since in love is no assurance.
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason!

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make white, those tresses yellow:
Wrinkled face, for looks delightful,
Shall acquaint thee, dame despightful!
And, when time shall date thy glory,
Then, too late, thou wilt be sorry.
Siren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason!

## GEORGE CHAPMAN

Was born in 1557, and died in 1654; but of this long life few anecdotes are preserved. That he was a man of uncommon learning, and considerable genius, appears from his translation of the whole works of Homer, and some parts of Hesiod and Musæus. Of seventeen pieces, which he composed for the theatre, three are said to possess a great degree of merit; viz. "Bussy d'Amboise," a tragedy; the "Widow's Tears," a comedy; and his "Masque for the "Inns of Court."—The specimen here given from his continuation of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," may give a faint idea of his style, which is generally spirited, but often irregular and obscure.

### EPITHALAMION.

Come, come, dear nymph, love's mart of blisses,
Sweet close of this ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses;
Love's glory does in darkness shine.
O come, soft rest of cares! come, night,
Come, naked virtue's only 'tire,
That reapest harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.

Love calls to war;
Sighs, his alarms,
Lips, his swords are,
The field, his arms.

Come night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious day's out-facing face;
And all thy crowned flames command
For torches to our nuptial grace.
Love calls to war, &c.

No need have we of factious day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Herbals of discord in thy way;
*Her* beauty's day doth never cease ——
Love calls to war, &c.

The evening star I see:
Rise, youths, the evening star
Helps love to summon war.
Both now embracing be!

Rise, youths! love's rite claims more than banquets, rise!
Now the bright marigold, that decks the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that (contrary
To his flowers here) ope when he shuts his eyes,

And shuts when he does open, crown your sports.
Now, love in night, and night in love, exhorts
Courtship and dances; all your parts employ,
And suit night's rich expansure with your joy;
Love paints his longings in sweet virgin's eyes;
Rise, youths! love's rite claims more than banquets,
rise!

## WILLIAM WARNER.

The time of this author's birth is unknown, but it may probably be placed about 1558; which supposes him to have published his first work at the age of 25. He is said to have been an attorney of the Common Pleas, and to have died in 1608-9, at Amwell, in Hertfordshire, "a man of *good* "*years*, and of honest reputation.

His first work was "Syrinx, a seven-fold history," &c. first licensed in 1584; and he is said to have been a translator of Plautus; but his principal work was his "Albion's Eng-"land," first printed, says Mr. Warton, in 1592; though this, according to Ames, was only the third edition.

The astonishing popularity of this poem, which, by Warner's contemporaries, was even preferred to their favourite "Mirror "for Magistrates," is a proof that he possessed the most valuable talent of a poet, that of amusing and interesting his readers. This he effected partly by means of numerous episodes, which are always lively, though not always to the purpose, and partly by means of a style which, at the time, was thought highly elegant, and which certainly possesses the merit of uncommon ease and simplicity.

Two of his most striking episodes, viz. "Argentile and "Curan," and the "Patient Countess," have already appeared in the "Muses' Library," and in the "Reliques "of Ancient English Poetry." Another, the "Romance of "Sir J. Mandeville," is too long for insertion in a miscellany, but perhaps the following may have a chance of pleasing from their singularity.

## THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

THERE was a man of stature big,
And big withall in mind;
For serve he would, yet one than whom
He greater none might find.

He, hearing that the emperor
Was in the world most great,
Came to his court, was entertain'd,
And, serving him at meat,

It chanced the devil was named—whereat
The emperor him blest;
When as, until he knew the cause,
The Pagan would not rest.

But when he heard his lord to fear
The devil, his ghostly foe,
He left his service, and to seek
And serve the devil did go.

Of heav'n or hell, God or the devil,
He erst nor heard nor cared;
Alone he sought to serve the same
That would by none be dared.

He met (who soon is met) the devil;
Was entertain'd: they walk,
Till, coming to a cross, the devil
Did fearfully it balk:

The servant, musing, questioned
His master of his fear:
" One Christ (quoth he) with dread I mind,
" When doth a cross appear."

" Then serve thyself! (the Giant said)
" That Christ to serve I'll seek!"
For him he ask'd a hermit, who
Advis'd him to be meek:

By which, by faith, and works of alms,
Would sought-for Christ be found;
And how, and where to practise these
He gave directions sound.

Then he, that scorn'd his service late,
To greatest potentates,
Even at a common ferry, now,
To carry all awaits.

THE ORIGIN OF MONKS.

Quoth he, not long since was a man,
That did his devoir give,
To kill the passions of his flesh,
And did in penance live.

And though beloved by the king,
He lived by his sweat:
Affirming men that would not work
Unworthy for to eat.

He told the erring their amiss,
And taught them to amend;
He counselled the comfortless,
And all his days did spend

In prayer and in poverty:
Amongst his doings well,
High-ways he mended; doing which
This accident befell:

A dozen thieves, to have been hang'd
Were led this hermit by;
To whom he went, exhorting them
Like Christian men to die.

So penitent they were, and he
So pitiful, good man,
As to the king for pardon of
The prisoners he ran:

Which got, he gave it them: but this
Proviso did he add,
That they should ever work as he:
They grant, poor souls, and glad.

He got them gowns of country grey,
And hoods for rain and cold,
And hempen girdles, which (besides
Themselves) might burthens hold;

Pick-axe, and spade: and hard to work
The convent fell together;
With robes, and ropes, and ev'ry tool
For every work and weather.

So did they toil, as thereabout
No causey was unwrought;
Wherefore new labours for his men
The holy hermit sought.

But, at departure, prayed them
To fast, to watch, and pray,

And live remote from worldly men;
And goeth so his way.

The holy thieves, (for now in them
Had custom wrought content,)
Could much of Scripture; and indeed,
Did heartily repent.

Now when the country-folk did hear
Of these same men devout,
Religiously they haunt their cells;
And lastly, brought about

That, from the woods, to buildings brave,
They won the hermit's crew,
Who was from found-out work return'd,
And their *aposta* knew.

He, going to their stately place,
Did find, in every dish,
Fat beef, and brewis; and great store
Of dainty fowl and fish.

Who seeing their saturity,
And practising to win
His pupils thence, " Excess (he said)
" Doth work access to sin.

" Who fareth finest, doth but feed;
" And over-feedeth oft;
" Who sleepeth softest, doth but sleep;
" And, sometimes, over-soft.

" Who clads him trimmest, is but clad;
" The fairest is but fair:
" And all but live: yea, if so long,
" Yet not with lesser care,
" Than forms, backs, bones, and bellies, that
" More homely cherish'd are.

" Learn freedom, and felicity;
" Hawks, flying where they list,
" Be kindlier and more sound, than hawks
" Best tended on the fist!"

Thus preach'd he promis'd abstinence;
And bids them come away:
No haste but good: well were they, and
So well as they would stay.

The godly hermit, when all means
In vain he did perceive,
Departing said—" I found you knaves,
" And knaves I do you leave!"

## HENRY CONSTABLE.

It appears from Mr. Malone's Shakspeare, Vol. X. p. 74, that this author took his degree of A. B. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579, so that he may be considered as contemporary with Warner. He is highly praised by Mr. Bolton, Ben Jonson, and others, and Mr. Warton mentions him as "a noted sonnet writer." Perhaps the following, though as notable sonnets as his "Diana" could furnish, may be thought to have been scarcely worth the trouble of transcribing.

### [*From his Diana*, 1594.]

WONDER it is, and pity is't, that she
In whom all beauty's treasure we may find,
That may enrich the body and the mind,
Towards the poor should use no charity.
My love is gone a begging unto thee,
And if that Beauty had not been more kind
Than Pity, long ere this he had been pined,
But Beauty is content his food to be.
Oh, pity have, when such poor orphans beg,
Love, naked boy, hath nothing on his back,
And though he wanteth neither arm nor leg,
Yet maim'd he is, sith he his sight doth lack.

And yet though blind he beauty can behold,
And yet, though naked, he feels more heat than cold.

---

If ever sorrow spoke from soul that loves,
As speaks a spirit in a man possess'd,
In me her spirit speaks, my soul it moves,
Whose sigh-swoln words breed whirlwinds in my breast:
Or like the echo of a passing bell,
Which, sounding on the water, seems to howl,
So rings my heart a fearful heavy knell,
And keeps all night in concert with the owl.
My cheeks with a thin ice of tears are clad,
Mine eyes, like morning stars, are blear'd and red,
What resteth then but I be raging mad,
To see that she, my care's chief conduit-head,
When all streams else help quench my burning heart,
Shuts up her springs, and will no grace impart.

I BEING Care, thou fliest me as ill fortúne,
Care, the consuming canker of the mind;
The discord that disorders sweet heart's tune,
Th' abortive bastard of a coward mind:
The light foot lackey that runs post by death,
Bearing the letters which contain our end;
The busy advocate that sells his breath,
Denouncing worst to him is most his friend.
O dear! this care no interest holds in me;
But holy care, the guardian of thy fair,
Thine honour's champion, and thy virtue's fee,
The zeal which thee from barbarous times shall bear:
This care am I; this care my life hath taken,
Dear to my soul! thou leave me not forsaken!

## THOMAS WATSON.

For an account of the writings of this author, whom an eminent critic has pronounced to be a more elegant, as well as more ancient, sonneteer, than Shakspeare, the reader is referred to the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. LXIII. p. 904, and to Vol. LXVIII. p. 669.

### SONNET XXVI.

[From his "Hecatompathia, or Passionate Centurie of Love," no date, but licenced in the Stationers books 1581.]

When May is in his prime, and youthful spring
Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with flowers,
And time of year reviveth every thing,
And lovely nature smiles, and nothing lowers;
Then Philomela most doth strain her breast,
With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.

This bird's estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needs repine,
And storm with sighs, to ease me as I may,

Whilst others are becalm'd, or lie them still,
Or sail secure, with tide and wind at will.

And as all those which hear this bird complain
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse, or pitying her pain;
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint,
A just reward for serving such a saint!

## SONNET XXXII.

In Thetis' lap, while Titan took his rest,
I slumbering lay within my restless bed.
Till Morpheus, with a falsed sorry jest,
Presenting her by whom I still am led,
For then I thought she came to end my woe
But when I waked, alas! 'twas nothing so!

Embracing air instead of my delight,
I blamed love, as author of the guile;
Who, with a second sleep closed up my sight,
And said (methought) that I must bide awhile
Ixion's pains, whose arms did oft embrace
False darken'd clouds instead of Juno's grace.

When I had lain and slumber'd thus a while,
Ruing the doleful doom that love assign'd,
A woman saint, which bore an angel's face,
Bade me awake, and ease my troubled mind:
With that I waked, forgetting what was pass'd,
And saw 'twas Hope which helped thus at last.

## SONNET XLVII.

In time the bull is brought to wear the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lures;
In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest oak,
In time the marble wears with weakest show'rs:
More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withal,
Than beast or bird, than tree or stony wall.

No yoke prevails, she will not yield to might,
No lure will cause her stoop, she bears full gorge,
No wedge of woes makes print, she recks no right,
No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge,
Help therefore, heavenly boy! come pierce her breast,
With that same shaft which robs me of my rest.

So let her feel the force, that she relent;
  So keep her low that she vouchsafe a prey;
So frame her will to right that pride be spent;
  So forge, that I may speed without delay;
Which if thou do, I'll swear, and sing with joy,
That love no longer is a blinded boy.

---

SONNET LV.

My heedless heart, which love yet never knew,
  But as he was described with painter's hand,
One day, amongst the rest, would needs go view
  The labyrinth of love, with all his band,
To see the Minotaur his ugly face,
And such as there lay slain within the place.

But soon my guiding thread, by reason spun,
  Wherewith I past along his darksome cave,
Was broke, alas, by him, and over-run,
  And I, perforce, became his captive slave:
Since when, as yet I never found the way
To leave that maze wherein so many stray.

Yet THOU! on whom mine eyes have gazed so long,
  May'st, if thou wilt, play Ariadne's part,

And, by a second thread, revenge the wrong
Which, through deceit, hath hurt my guiltless heart:
Vouchsafe in time to save and set me free,
Who seek and serve none other saint but thee.

---

SONNET LVII.

All ye that grieve to think my death so near,
Take pity on yourselves, whose thought is blind:
Can there be day unless the light appear?
Can fire be cold, which yieldeth heat by kind?
If love were pass'd, my life would soon decay,
Love bids me hope, and hope is all my stay.

And you, that see in what estate I stand,
Now hot, now cold, and yet am living still,
Persuade yourselves love hath a mighty hand,
And custom frames what pleaseth best her will.
A lingering use of love hath taught my breast
To harbour strife, and yet to live in rest.

The man that dwells far north hath seldom harm
With blast of winters wind, or nipping frost;

The Negro seldom feels himself too warm
If he abide within his native coast:
So love in me a second nature is,
And custom makes me think my woes are bliss.

## SONNET LXXXVII.

YOUTH made a fault through lightness of belief,
Which fond belief love placed in my breast:
But now I find that reason gives relief
And time shews truth, and wit that's bought is best:
Muse not therefore although I change my vein,
He runs too far which never turns again.

Henceforth my mind shall have a watchful eye,
I'll scorn fond love, and practise of the same:
The wisdom of my heart shall soon descry
Each thing that's good from what deserveth blame.
My song shall be—" Fortune hath spit her spite,
" And love can hurt no more with all his might."

Therefore all you, to whom my course is known,
Think better comes, and pardon what is past;

I find that all my wildest oats are sown,
And joy to see what now I see at last;
And since that love was cause I trode awry,
I here take off his bells, and let him fly.

## SIR JOHN HARINGTON,

The translator of Ariotso's "Orlando Furioso;" a work much admired, at that time, though inaccurate and feeble. In the same volume are generally found four books of epigrams, the first part of which, was separately printed, in 1615, and the three last in 1618. Many of these are excellent. His poetical version of the "Schola Salerni," printed in 1609, a work very little known, is curious from its subject, to which the style is extremely well adapted. He also composed a complete metrical version of the Psalms, which was never printed, but is now preserved in Mr. Douce's very curious library.

Sir John Harington was born about 1561, at Kelston, near Bath; was knighted by Lord Essex, in 1590, and died in 1612.

### SONNET.

WHENCE comes my love, oh heart, disclose!
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose;
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe, as freely own,
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind;
The eye doth tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire.
Yet all so fair, but speak my moan,
Syth nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, sweet love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O Venus! take thy gifts again.
Make nought so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

## SAMUEL DANIEL,

The son of a music-master, born in 1562. He seems to have been early distinguished by his poetical talents, and to have received either a pension, or some valuable presents, from Queen Elizabeth; to whom he acknowledges his obligations in the dedication to his works, 1602. In the following reign, he was Groom of the Chamber to the Queen. He died in 1619.

His "Delia," and "Complaint of Rosamond," were first published in 1592; the first four books of his "Civil "Wars," in 1595; the fifth, in 1599; the sixth, in 1602, and the seventh and eighth, in 1609. Many other pieces are included in his poetical works, which were collected by his brother, and printed in 1623.

Daniel's sonnets are very beautiful. His "Civil Wars" are rather distinguished by elegance, than sublimity of expression; but they contain many curious, and some highly poetical, passages. His prose "History of England" was once highly esteemed for the purity and conciseness of its style.

### SONNET.

Look, Delia, how w'esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour;
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty, time bestows upon her.

No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
  But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to
    decline;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair;
  So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.

No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
  Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
  Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

---

SONNET.

If this be love to draw a weary breath,
  * * * * * *
With downward looks, still reading to the earth
  The sad memorials of my love's despair;

If this be love, to war against my soul,
  Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve,
The never-resting stone of care to roll,
  Still to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve;

If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart;
My pleasures, horror, music, tragic notes,
Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart;
If this be love, to live a living death;
Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

---

SONNET.

I ONCE may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire;
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.

Then beauty (now the burden of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant time's desire;
Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so long.

When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was;
For what she was, she best shall find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But (Phœnix like) shall make her live anew.

SONNET.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.

When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And when in beauty's lease, expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death—
But ah! no more—this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

SONNET.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.

And sport (sweet maid) in season of these years,
  And learn to gather flowers before they wither,
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
  Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smiles to cheer the clouded air,
  And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair,
  Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

SONNET.

Now each creature joys the other,
  Passing happy days and hours,
One bird reports unto another,
  In the fall of silent showers;
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
  Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
  With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making days and nights both even,
  Cheering plants with fresher sap;

My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

* * * * * *

PASTORAL.

O HAPPY golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropt from trees;
Not for the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free, without fees;
Nor for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th' eternal flow'ring spring,
Wherein liv'd every thing,
And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile;
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores, or warres, or wares ill sought:
But only, for that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty sound
Call'd honour, which became

The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad grief imparts,
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful amorous wights,
Nor were his hard laws known to freeborn hearts:
But golden laws, like these,
Which nature wrote. That's lawful which doth please.
Then amongst flowers and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sate lovers, without conflict, without shame,
And nymphs and shepherds sings,
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisperings with songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals,
Which now her veil conceals,
The tender apples in her bosom seen.
And oft in rivers clear
The lovers with their loves consorting were.
Honour! thou first didst close
The spring of all delight,

Denying water to the amorous thirst.
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves revers'd,
Thou, in a lawn didst first
Thóse golden hairs incase
Late spread unto the wind.
Thou madest loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
Oh honour! it is thou
Who mad'st that stealth which love does free allow,
It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus.
But, thou fierce lord of nature and of love,
The qualifier of kings,
What dost thou here with us
That art below thy power, shut from above?
Go, and from us remove,
Trouble the mighty's sleep,
Let us neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep!
Let's love! this life of ours
Can make no truce with time, that all devours.

## SONG.

[In Hymen's Triumph.]

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows.
More barren with best using:
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho! ——

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting:
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho! ——

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE,

Contemporary with Shakspeare, and one of the most distinguished tragic poets of his age. He translated, in 1587, Coluthus's Rape of Helen, into English rhyme. He also translated the Elegies of Ovid. This book was printed at Middleburgh, without date, and was ordered to be burnt at Stationers' Hall, in 1599, by command of the archbishop of Canterbury and bishop of London. Marlowe afterwards began a translation of the Loves of Hero and Leander, vulgarly attributed to Musæus, but the work was interrupted by his death. "I learn from Mr. Malone (says Mr. "Warton), that Marlowe finished only the two first "Sestiads, and about one hundred lines of the third; Chap-"man did the remainder." His plays were, 1. "Tamer-"lane, the great Scythian Emperor, *two parts*." 3. "The "rich Jew of Malta." 4. "The tragical History of the Life "and Death of Dr. John Faustus." 5. "Lust's Dominion." 6. "The Tragedy of King Edward the Second. 7. "The "Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage. It is to be lamented that these plays have not been collected and published, because the writings of Shakspeare's distinguished contemporaries, would prove the best comment on his works.

Marlowe was killed during an affray in a brothel, *rather before* 1593. His birth, therefore, may be placed, with some probability, about 1562; for it is unlikely that he could have acquired a great reputation as an author and actor much before the age of thirty; and it is to be hoped that he did not meet with such a death at a more advanced age. Of the two following specimens, the first exhibits the most striking beauties, and the second the characteristic defects of his style.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

## A FRAGMENT.

[From England's Parnassus.]

I WALKED along a stream, for pureness rare,
  Brighter than sunshine, for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious prey,
  That in the pebble-paved channel lay.

No molten chrystal, but a richer mine,
  E'en nature's rarest alchemy ran there,
Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
  Through whose bright gliding current might appear,
A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
  Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace-gate,
Where the day-shining sun in triumph sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
  The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions, in one union grows,
  Folding their twind'ring arms, as oft we see
Turtle-taught lovers, either other close,
  Lending to dulness feeling sympathy.

And as a costly vallance o'er a bed,
So did their garland tops the brook o'erspread.
Their leaves, that differ'd both in shape and show,
Though all were green, yet difference such in green,
Like to the checker'd bent of Iris' bow,
Priding the running main, as it had been——

## JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

The works of this laborious but unequal, and perhaps tiresome writer, form a large volume in folio, printed in 1633, and 1644, and consisting principally of translations. In page 652, is inserted the "Soul's Errand," (which is usually attributed to Sir Walter Ralcigh) under the title of "The Lie," but strangely disfigured.

### A CAUTION FOR COURTLY DAMSELS.

BEWARE, fair maid, of mighty courtier's oaths:
Take heed what gifts or favours you receive:
Let not the fading gloss of silken cloaths
Dazzle your virtues, or your fame bereave.
For once but leave the hold you have of grace,
Who will regard your fortune or your face?

Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,
When none regard the stalk it grows upon;
Baseness desires the fruit still to devour,
And leave the tree to fall or stand alone:
But this advice, fair creature, take of me,
Let none take fruit unless he'll have the tree.

Believe not oaths, nor much-protesting men;
  Credit no vows, nor a bewailing song;
Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again,
  The heart doth live ten regions from the tongue:
And, when with oaths and vows they make you tremble,
Believe them least! for then they most dissemble.

* * * * *

---

## A CONTENTED MIND.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile,
  I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I reck not stile,
  I am not fond of fancy's toys;
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack,
  I tremble not at noise of war,
I swoon not at the news of wrack,
  I shrink not at a blazing star:
I fear not loss, I hope not gain;
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased,
I see some Tartan starv'd in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see e'en Midas gape for more.
I neither want, nor yet abound:
Enough's a feast; content is crown'd.

I fawn not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great in show,
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low;
This, this is all my choice, my choice,
A mind content, a competence.

---

Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rose-buds in thy cheeks;
Thou art not sweet, tho' made of meer delight,
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.
* * * * * *
I will not pity thy disdain; this shall prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

## MICHAEL DRAYTON

Was born in 1563; and rose early to reputation, which he enjoyed during three successive reigns: he died in 1631. His "Polyolbion" is certainly a wonderful work, exhibiting, at once, the learning of an historian, an antiquary, a naturalist, and a geographer, and embellished by the imagination of a poet. But, perhaps, a topographical description of England, is not much improved by such embellishment. Those who can best appreciate the merit of its accuracy will seldom search for information in a poem; and of the lovers of poetry, some are disgusted with the subject, and others, with the Alexandrine metre, which Drayton has unfortunately adopted. His pastorals, which he published in 1593, under the quaint title of "Ideas; the "Shepherd's Garland, fashioned in nine Eclogues, &c." his "Nymphydia," and, in general, all his smaller poems, are easy and pleasing. The "Barons' Wars," and "England's "Heroical Epistles," have lost, and are not likely to recover, their ancient popularity.

### THE SHEPHERD'S DAFFODIL.

"Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way,
"By yonder little hill,
"Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
"Saw'st thou my Daffodil?

" She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
" The colour maids delight,
" And never hath her beauty seen
" But through a veil of white.

" Than roses richer to behold,
" That dress up lovers' bow'rs,
" The pansie and the marigold,
" Though Phœbus paramours."

Thou well describ'st the Daffodil:
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, on yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

" Yet with my flower thou didst not meet,
" Nor news of her dost bring,
" Yet is my Daffodil more sweet
" Than that by yonder spring."

I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making, as he fed his sheep,
A wreath of daffodillies.

" Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
" My flow'r thou didst not see,

" For know, my pretty Daffodil
" Is worn of none but me."

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil.

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flow'rs did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet;

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
There goes sweet Daffodil!

" I, gentle shepherd, now with joy
" Thou all my flock dost fill;
" Come, go with me, thou shepherd's boy,
" Let us to Daffodil."

## SONNET.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have giv'n him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

## TO MY COY LOVE.

I PRAY thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me;
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not, save me:

These poor half kisses kill me quite,
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Shew me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanched.
O, Tantalus! thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented,
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heav'n tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

## WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

### SONG.

Blow, blow thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
  Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
  As friend remember'd not.

## SONNET.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet;
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou, for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Æthiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

## SPRING, A SONG.

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver white,
And cuckoo buds, of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

SONG OF FAIRIES.

Now the hungry lion roars,
  And the wolf behowls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
  All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow;
  Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
  In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
  That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
  In the churchway paths to glide;
And we fairies, that do run
  By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
  Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house;
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

## SONG.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever.
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blythe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

## WINTER, A SONG.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

---

### A SONG ON FANCY.

Tell me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it. Ding dong bell.

---

### ARIEL'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sun-set merrily;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

---

### SONG.

COME away, come away death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown,
A thousand thousand sighs to save;
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

---

SONG.

"Who is Silvia? what is she,
"That all our swains commend her?"
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

"Is she kind as she is fair?
"For beauty lives with kindness:"
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

## DIRGE.

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash,
  Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

## SONG.

UNDER the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

### THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Being your slave what should I do, but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire,
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do till you require:
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign! watch the clock for you;
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu.
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save where you are: how happy you make those!
So true a fool is love, that in your will
Tho' you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

---

### WHOLESOME COUNSEL.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy * * * * *
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk;
Lest she some subtle practice smell:
A cripple soon can find a halt.
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person up to sale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay;
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been as strong as men,
"In faith, you had not had it then."

And, to her will frame all thy ways,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear.
The strongest castle, tow'r, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Please never thou to choose anew.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, tho' she put it back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward shew,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know;
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

But soft; enough, too much (I fear)
Lest that my mistress hear my song:
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long;
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so betray'd.

## SYMPATHIZING LOVE.*

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the mournful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu, by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon my own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee,

* This piece, though attributed to Shakspeare, was printed among poems of Divers Humours, by Rich. Bornefield, 1598.

King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing;
Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled;
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend to misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
" Pity but he was a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee at thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

## SIMON WASTELL,

A native of Westmoreland, entered of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1580, and afterwards became master of the free school at Northampton. Vide Athen. Oxon. i. 486.
The following specimens are taken from the "Microbiblion," 1629.

### UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

BEFORE my face the picture hangs
That daily should put me in mind,
Of those cold qualms and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find:
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon the face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones, across that lie,
Yet little think, that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must:
I see the sentence eke, that saith
"Remember, man, that thou art dust."
But yet, alas, but seldom I
Do think indeed, that I must die.

Continually, at my bed's head
An hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I, ere morning, may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well:
But yet, alas, for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife, wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat,
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away;—
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that all must die,
And yet my life amend not I!

If none can scape death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey,
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to scape shall have no way.
O grant me grace, O God, that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

---

OF MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Even such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done:
The rose withers, the blossoms blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;

Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
Even such is man: who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

## ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX,

Born in 1567. The political character of this inconsiderate and presumptuous, but honest and heroic favourite of Queen Elizabeth, has no connection with this work: but as he was the generous patron of literature, and the unceasing object of poetical adulation, the reader will perhaps be glad to see a specimen of his poetry. The following "Verses, "written in his trouble," were extracted from a MS. in the British Museum, 4128-6, Art. Cat.

---

THE ways on earth have paths and turnings known,
The ways on sea are gone by needles light;
The birds of th' air the nearest way have flown;
And under earth the moles do cast aright.

A way more hard than these I needs must take,
Where none can teach, nor no man can direct;
Where no man's good for me example makes;
But all men's faults do teach *her* to suspect.

*Her* thoughts and mine such disproportion have,
All strength in love is infinite in me:

She useth the advantage fortune gave
Of worth and power to get the liberty.
Earth, sea, heaven, hell, are subject to love's laws,
But I, poor I, must suffer and know no cause.

## SIR HENRY WOTTON,

Born in 1568; was early distinguished by the acuteness of his mind, and by versatility of talent. After an academical education, he spent nine years in travelling; during which he formed an acquaintance with all the most learned men in Europe, and acquired a considerable reputation by his proficiency in the fine arts. On his return to England, his accomplishments recommended him to the friendship of the earl of Essex; after whose execution he retired to Florence, where he staid till the death of Queen Elizabeth.

Having been employed by the great duke of Tuscany in an embassy into Scotland, for the purpose of communicating to King James the account of a conspiracy against his life, which the great duke had discovered, he acquired the confidence of that monarch, and retained it during the whole of his reign.

For the particulars of his very curious life, great part of which he passed in foreign embassies, and other scenes of political activity; and which he terminated in 1639 (after entering into holy orders), in the situation of Provost of Eton; the reader is referred to the circumstantial biography of Izaac Walton, or to the summary contained in the Biographical Dictionary.

SONNET.

You meaner beauties of the night,
  Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
  You common people of the skies,
  What are you, when the sun doth rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
  By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
  As if the spring were all your own,
  What are you, when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
  That warble forth dame nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
  By your weak accents, what's your praise
  When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
  In sweetness of her looks, and mind;
By virtues first, then choice, a queen,
  Tell me, if she was not design'd
  Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

## STANZAS.

[From the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1672.]

Heart-tearing cares, and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is forc'd to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes! fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azure heav'n, that smiles to see,
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers:

Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may
shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance,
But of our kids, that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one another,
Which done, doth bleating run each to his mother;
And wounds are never found
Save what the plough-share gives the ground.

Go! let the diving Negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek,
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest, silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these
mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains!
Which we may every year
Find, when we come a-fishing here.

IGNOTO.

---

*Tears at the grave of Sir Albertus Morton, who was buried at Southampton;*

WEPT BY SIR H. WOTTON.

SILENCE, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell;
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unrest,
But time to bid him, whom I lov'd, farewell.

Oh my unhappy lines! you that before
Have served my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congeal'd with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent! Here my Albertus lies!

This is the sable stone, this is the cave
And womb of earth that doth his corpse embrace.
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the character of woe,
  Here will I pay my tribute to the dead;
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
  To humanize the flints whereon I tread:

Where, though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
  And none between my weakness judge and me;
Yet o'er these pensive walls allow my moan,
  Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But he is gone! and dwell I rhyming here
  As if some muse would listen to my lay,
When all distun'd sit waiting for their dear,
  And bathe the banks where he was wont to play?

Dwell thou in endless light, discharged soul,
  Freed now from nature's and from fortune's trust,
While on this fluent globe my glass shall roll,
  And run the rest of my remaining dust.

---

*Upon the Death of Sir A. Morton's Wife.*

He first deceased; she, for a little tried
To live without him, lik'd it not, and died.

## SIR JOHN DAVIS,

The son of a wealthy tanner in Wiltshire, born about 1569, educated at Oxford, and in the Middle Temple; practised as a barrister; was elected a burgess in Parliament in 1601; and, after the death of Elizabeth, was successively promoted, by King James, to the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, and judge of Assize in Ireland, and of serjeant at law, and chief justice of the King's Bench in England; but died in 1626, before he could enter upon the duties of this office.

His poem "on the Immortality of the Soul," is a noble monument of his learning, acuteness, command of language, and facility of versification. His similies (as Mrs. Cowper and Mr. Headley have justly observed) are singularly happy; always enlivening, and often illustrating his abstruse and difficult subject: but while we admire his wit and ingenuity, we sometimes regret the more indefinite, but sublimer conceptions of his model, Lucretius.

Besides the "Nosce Teipsum," he composed (but, perhaps, never finished) a poem "on Dancing;" and twenty-six *Acrostick Hymns*, on the words *Elizabetha Regina*, one of which is here given. They are probably the best acrostichs ever written, and all equally good; but they seem to prove that their author was too fond of struggling with useless difficulties.

He also (according to Wood) wrote a version of the Psalms, never published, and a book of Epigrams. The latter, as appears from Drummond of Hawthornden, are those which stand at the end of Marlowe's "Translation of Ovid's

"Epistles," printed at Middleburgh. The reader will judge of their style by the two following specimens.

The Nosce Teipsum was first published in 1599, and again in 1602, 1608, 1619, 1622, &c. His "Orchestra" appeared in 1596. His Acrostick Hymns in 1599.

---

### IN MEDONEM. EP. 10.

GREAT Captain Medon wears a chain of gold,
Which at five hundred crowns is valued,
For that it was his grandsire's chain of old,
When great King Henry Boulogne conquered.

And wear it Medon! for it may ensue
That thou, by virtue of this massy chain,
A stronger town than Boulogne may'st subdue,
If wise men's saws be not reputed vain.

For what said Philip, king of Macedon?
"There is no castle so well fortified
"But, if an ass laden with gold comes on,
"The guards will stoop, and gates fly open wide."

### IN FUSCUM. EP. 39.

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will;
  Yet, in the course of life that he doth lead,
He's like a horse, which, turning round a mill,
  Doth always in the self-same circle tread.

First, he doth rise at ten; and at eleven
  He goes to *Gyl's*, where he doth eat till one;
Then sees a play 'till six; and sups at seven;
  And after supper, straight to bed is gone.

And there, till ten next day, he doth remain;
  And then, he dines; and sees a comedy;
And then he sups; and goes to bed again:
  Thus round he runs without variety:
Save that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falls into a brothel by the way.

## TO THE LARK. AN ACROSTIC.

EARLY, cheerful, mounting lark,
Light's gentle usher, morning's clerk,
In merry notes delighting;
Stint awhile thy song, and hark,
And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn, to heav'n it bear,
E'en up to heav'n, and sing it there:
To heav'n each morning bear it:
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the angels hear it.

Renown'd Astræa, that great name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renown'd it,
It is Astræa's name I praise:
Now then, sweet lark, do thou it raise,
And in high heaven resound it.

## HENRY WILLOBY,

Author of "Avisa, &c. 1594."

What sudden chance or change is this,
That doth bereave my quiet rest?
What surly cloud eclips'd my bliss?
What sprite doth rage within my breast?
Such fainty qualms I never found,
Till first I saw this western ground.

* * * * *

My listless limbs do pine away,
Because my heart is dead within;
All lively heat I feel decay,
And deadly cold his room doth win.
My humours all are out of frame,
I freeze amidst the burning flame.

* * * * *

I know the time, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did view,
That novel shape, that friendly face,
That so doth make my heart to rue.

O happy time, if she incline!
If not, woe worth these luckless eyne!

I love the seat where she did sit,
I kiss the grass where she did tread;
Methinks I see that face as yet,
And eye, that all these turmoils bred.
I envy, that this seat, this ground,
Such friendly grace and favour found.

I dreamt of late, (God grant that dream
Portend my good!) that she did meet
Me in this green, by yonder stream,
And, smiling, did me friendly greet.
Whe'er wand'ring dreams be just or wrong,
I mind to try ere it be long.

But yonder comes my faithful friend,
That like assaults hath often tried,
On his advice I will depend,
Whe'er I shall win or be denied.
And look, what counsel he shall give,
That I will do, whe'er die or live.

I FIND it true, that some have said,
" It's hard to love and to be wise;"
For wit is oft by love betray'd,
And brought asleep by fond devise.
Sith faith no favour can procure,
My patience must my pain endure.

* * * * *

As faithful friendship mov'd my tongue,
Your secret love and favour crave,
And, as I never did you wrong,
This last request so let me have;
Let no man know what I did move,
Let no man know that I did love.

That will I say, this is the worst,
When this is said, then all is past:
Thou, proud Avisa, wert the first,
Thou, hard Avisa, art the last.
Though thou in sorrow make me dwell,
Yet love will make me wish thee well.

## W. SMITH,

Author of "Chloris," 1596. Perhaps the dramatic writer of this name mentioned in the Biographia Dramatica. No particulars of his life are known.

### SONNET II.

THY beauty, subject of my song I make,
O fairest fair, on whom depends my life,
Refuse not then the task I undertake,
To please thy rage, and to appease my strife.
But with one smile remunerate my toil,
None other guerdon of thee I desire;
Give not my lowly muse, new-hatch'd, the foil,
But warmth, that she may at the length aspire
Unto the temples of thy star-bright eyes,
Upon whose round orbs perfect beauty sits;
From whence such glorious chrystal beams arise,
As best my Chloris' seemly face befits:
Which eyes, which beauty, which bright chrystal beam,
Which face of thine hath made my love extreme.

SONNET XVIII.

My love, I cannot thy rare beauties place
  Under those forms which many writers use;
Some, like to stones compare their mistress' face,
  Some in the name of flow'rs their love abuse;
Some make their love a goldsmith's shop to be,
  Where orient pearls and precious stones abound:
In my conceit these far do disagree,
  The perfect praise of beauty forth to sound.
O Chloris! thou dost imitate thyself,
  Self-imitating passeth precious stones;
For all the Eastern Indian golden pelf,
  Thy red and white with purest fair atones.
Matchless for beauty, Nature hath thee framed,
Only unkind and cruel art thou named.

## DR. DONNE,

Was born in 1573, and died in 1631. His biographer, Isaac Walton, represents his oratory in the pulpit as extremely edifying; and Dryden was of opinion that his Satires "when "translated into numbers, and English," would be generally admired. As Pope has thus translated them, every reader is able to form his own judgment on the truth of this opinion. His poems were printed together in one volume duodecimo. London, 1719.

### SONG.

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible, go see;

Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee:
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befel thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Tho' at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False ere I come to two or three.

---

SONG.

I NEVER stoop'd so low as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind t' admire;

For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire.
My love, tho' silly, is more brave,
For, may I miss whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

* * * * *

## BEN JONSON,

Born in 1574, and died in 1637.

### SONG.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sweets of love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He at length our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain,
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose the light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys;
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet theft to reveal,
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

## SONG.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

## THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art
That strike mine eye, but not mine heart.

## HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen a toy,
Called Love! a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be among ye, say;
He is Venus' run-away.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How and where herself would wish:
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him among twenty:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire:
Which, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip:
Over liver, lights, and heart,
Yet not stay in any part.
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, which outbrave
Dian's shafts, where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel;
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet:
All his practise is deceit,
Every gift is but a bait:
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason's in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign,
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have you think them joys:
'Tis th' ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but shew him,
Though ye had a will to hide him:
Now, we hope ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear this falser's play,
And that he is Venus' run-away.

## JOSEPH HALL,

Bishop of Exeter, was born in 1574, and died in retirement, in 1656. The various literary labours of his long life, and the persecutions to which he was exposed in his old age, are recited in every dictionary of Biography. His only poetical compositions, entitled "Virgidemiarum, Satires in "six books, 1597," are, from their subject, by no means suited to the present publication; but it is hoped that the reader will excuse the insertion of one specimen from a work which must, even now, be considered as a model of elegance. The following satire is a ridicule on the fashion of attempting to subject our language to the rules of Greek and Latin prosody, a fashion encouraged by Sir Philip Sidney and others, and not discouraged by Spenser.

### SATIRE VI, B. I.

ANOTHER scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times.
Give me the number'd verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue;
*Manhood and Garboiles shall he chaunt* with changed feet,
And headstrong dactyls making musick meet.

The nimble dactyls, striving to outgo
The drawling spondees pacing it below:
The lingering spondees striving to delay
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay!
Who ever saw a colt, wanton and wild,
Yoked with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right *areed*[1] how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets.
If Jove speak English in a thundering cloud,
*Thwick-thwack* and *riff-raff* roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate!

[1] Understand.

## UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

*The Lover deceived by his Lady's inconstancy, writeth as followeth.*

[From a "Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions," 1578.]

THE mist is gone that blear'd mine eyes,
The low'ring clouds I see appear;
Though that the blind eat many flies,
I would you knew my sight is clear.
Your sweet deceiving, flattering face,
Did make me think that you were white;
I muse how you had such a grace
To seem a hawk, and be a kite.

Where precious ware is to be sold,
They shall it have that giveth most.
All things we see are won with gold;
Few things are had where is no cost:
And so it fareth now by me.
Because I press to give no gifts,
She takes my suit unthankfully,
And drives me off with many drifts.

Is this the end of all my suit,
For my good will to have a scorn?
Is this of all my pains the fruit,
To have the chaff instead of corn?
Let them that list possess such dross;
For I deserve a better gain:
Yet had I rather leave with loss,
Than serve and sue, and all in vain.

---

### A WARNING FOR WOOERS.

[From "a Handful of Pleasant Delites," 1584.]

Where Cupid's fort hath made a way,
There grave advice doth bear no sway.
Where love doth reign and rule the roast
There reason is exiled the coast.
Like all; love none;
Except ye use discretion:
First try, then trust;
Be not deceived with sinful lust.

Some love for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loves are true.
For when the mill hath lost her sails,
Then must the miller lose his vails.

Of grass comes hay,
And flowers fair will soon decay;
Of ripe comes rotten,
In age all beauty is forgotten.

Some love too high and some too low;
And of them both great griefs do grow:
And some do love the common sort,
And common folk use common sport.
Look not too high,
Lest that a chip fall in thine eye:
But, high or low,
Ye may be sure she is a shrew.

But sirs, I use to tell no tales;
Each fish that swims doth not bear scales.
In every hedge I find not thorns;
Nor every beast doth carry horns:
I say not so
That every woman causeth woe;
That were too broad:
Who loves not venom must shun the toad.

Who useth still the truth to tell
May blamed be, though he say well.
Say crow is white, and snow is black:
Lay not the fault on woman's back:

Thousands were good;
But few scaped drowning in Noah's flood.
Most are well bent;
I must say so, lest I be shent.

---

[*From Byrd's Sonnèts and Pastorals*, 1588.]

WHAT pleasures have great princes
More dainty to their choice,
Than herd-men wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice;
And fortune's favours scorning,
Sing sweet in summer morning.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the east,
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law:

Where conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold;
With clothing, which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold.
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

---

[At an annual Triumph, held in honour of Queen Elizabeth, Nov. 17, 1590, in the Tilt-yard, Westminster, the following verses were pronounced and sung by *M. Hales*, her Majesty's servant, a gentleman in that arte excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable. *Segar's* Honour, Civil and Military, c. 54.]

My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
(Oh time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing)
My youth gainst age, and age at youth hath spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain: youth waineth by increasing.
Beauty, and strength, and youth, flow'rs fading been;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms:

A man at arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on pray'rs that are old age's alms,
And so from court to cottage I depart;
My saint is sure of my unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my swains this carol for a song:
" Blest be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
" Curs'd be the souls that think to do her wrong."
Goddess! vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your bondsman now, that was your knight.

---

### THE PRAISE OF AMARGANA.

[From England's Helicon.]

The sun, the season, in each thing
Revives new pleasures; the sweet spring
Hath put to flight the winter keen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The paths where Amargana treads,
With flow'ry tapestries Flora spreads,
And nature clothes the ground in green,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The groves put on their rich array,
With hawthorn-blooms embroider'd gay,
And sweet-perfumed with eglantine,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The silent river stays his course,
Whilst, playing in the chrystal source,
The silver-scaled fish are seen
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The woods at her fair sight rejoice,
The little birds, with their loud voice,
In concert on the branches been,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

Great Pan, our god, for her dear sake,
This feast and meeting bids us make,
Of shepherd lads, and lasses sheen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

And every swain his chance doth prove,
To win fair Armagana's love;
In sporting strifes, quite void of spleen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

All happiness let heav'n her lend,
And all the graces her attend;

Thus bid me pray the muses nine,
Long live our lovely summer queen.

W. H.

---

### TITYRUS TO HIS FAIR PHILLIS.

[From England's Helicon.]

THE silly swain, whose love breeds discontent,
Thinks death a trifle, life a loathsome thing;
Sad he looks, sad he lies:
But when his fortune's malice doth relent,
Then of love's sweetness he will sweetly sing:
Thus he lives, thus he dies.

Then Tityrus, whom love hath happy made,
Will rest thrice happy in this myrtle shade:
For tho' love at first did grieve him,
Yet did love at last relieve him.

END OF VOL. II.

---

Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-Row, St. James's.



BIRMINGHAM

-B1 (h) Checked after rebinding 13/10/38. A.D.

**COLLATION**

ank leaf, t.p., leaf contents,
p. 361 blank leaf.

27. V. 1938
L.M.S.

**Shelf Catalogue**

Poetry, re.
Poetry
Collections
811 is, ed

| alogued by | Checked by | Stamped by | Cut by |
|---|---|---|---|
| CB | 9 | JC | |

**Record of Issues**

Issues from ..... to .....

" ..... to .....

" ..... to .....